BRAZIL LEAVES OUR ORBIT **FARNSWORTH & STEIN**

THE NATION

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The Tyranny of 'Intelligence'

Ford's Blueprint for Arrogance **Robert L. Borosage**

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A Non-Nuclear Future ***Richard A. Falk***

REJECTING THE FAUSTIAN BARGAIN

The Word from Bal Harbour ***Harry Bernstein***

LABOR IS BACK IN POLITICS

Bicentennial Reflections (Part I) **Emile Capouya**

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LETTERS

160-acre vision

San Francisco, Calif.

Wendell Berry's "The Unsettling of America" in *The Nation* [Feb. 7 and 14; see also page 312], was a provocative essay of practical application to a current controversy in the federal government and in California. That controversy centers on the thwarting of the intent of the 1902 National Reclamation Act that the beneficiaries of federally financed irrigation water be restricted to farmers with limited acreage, a restriction deemed reasonable and appropriate by the Supreme Court in *Ivanhoe Irr. Dist.* v. *McCracken*, 357 U.S. 275, 297 (1958). The intent and the restriction have been subverted in the Westlands Water District in California by speculators and paper farmers to the detriment of those who would work the land in more the manner that Berry endorses [See "Flouting The Reclamation Act," by Stanley Poss, *The Nation*, Nov. 15, 1975.]

Sen. Gaylord Nelson promised at hearings in Fresno earlier this week that the Secretary of Interior would be given the authority to eliminate the paper farmers. Although I am not privy to the infighting that takes place in the federal water establishment, I suspect that the paper farmers have strong forces prepared to attempt to repel Senator Nelson's proposed advance. After all, they recently won a victory when the National Water Commission recommended the abolition of the 160-acre limitation.

In short, Berry's vision need not be limited to armchair philosophizing; those who agree with him that "as many as possible should share in the ownership of the land, and thus be bound to it by economic interest, by the investment of love and work, by family loyalty, by memory and tradition" should prepare to come to the support of Senator Nelson's advocacy of enforcing the 160-acre limitation and thereby help undo some of the unsettling of America.

Channing Kury

China's view of the world

New York City

The Nation has published many good articles on China over the years, but O. Edmund Clubb's on Chou En-lai and the impact of his death on U.S.-China relations [Jan. 31] is not among them.

Clubb alleges that China consistently seeks power "to resume its 'rightful' position of superiority in Asia." If that "rightful" is a quotation, it is not from any Chinese leader. Mao's internal injunction, "Do not seek hegemony," is not deceptive rhetoric, as Clubb appears to think, but is imbedded in China's world outlook.

Clubb's assessment of U.S.-China relations is muddled beyond possibility of clarification in a letter. Its gross error is its failure to observe that for some time Peking has viewed the Soviet Union as now the most aggressive and dangerous of the two super imperialisms.

Clubb's conclusion—upbeat for him—is that "pragmatism" may at some time unrevolutionize China's foreign policy. He is helped to it by his notion that the Cultural Revolution was simply "destructive." In fact, the Cultural Revolution has kept China on the revolutionary path, and Clubb's forecast—one of many such by Western experts of sorts since the establishment of the People's Republic—may not be realized.

Hugh Deane

New York City

With reference to Hugh Deane's letter, I would note first as regards semantics that, by putting "rightful" in quotes without attribution I was patently employing a common literary device to particularize a pretension that has upon historic occasion been manifested in certain Chinese circles. Second, I did *not* say that the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution (GPCR) was "simply" destructive: I described *its course* as "destructive," and I maintain that position.

I had thought that I made my main point clear by quotation of both Lin Piao and Chou En-lai to the same general sense, namely

(Continued on page 308)

EDITORIALS

The Bay State Lesson

The Massachusetts primary was, for the Democrats, an elimination contest on the "Left," with the participants finishing in the order, Udall, Harris, Shriver, Bayh and Shapp. That result dictates the withdrawal of all the other liberal aspirants to clear the field for Morris Udall. Senator Bayh has already done the right thing by withdrawing, but that piece of good news is offset by the bad, and puzzling, news that Senator Church is about to enter the race. All the Church votes will come from Udall's growing constituency.

Florida on March 9, is an elimination on the "Right." It will tell whether Carter's New Hampshire momentum will work against Jackson and Wallace, both of whom outran him in Massachusetts. Jackson, who made an enormous effort in Massachusetts, must do well in Florida to make any headway with the Right and Center.

Those seem to be the lessons of the Bay State primary. It is notable that in the one state that went to McGovern in 1972 the liberals had to divide only 40 per cent of the Democratic vote. The fake populism of Wallace, the centrist ambiguities of Carter, and Jackson's attempt to revive the "grand coalition" of New Deal days won nearly two-thirds of the votes in that racially troubled state.

The lesson for the liberal side of the Democratic Party is that it must either gather around the candidate most capable of winning or leave the arena and let the right wingers fight it out among themselves, thus losing all influence on the nomination and the party's platform. If our proposition is correct, it imposes painful decisions on Shriver, Harris and Shapp. If they hang on, they can hope to bring to the convention a small band of delegates to throw into the pot at the last moment, perhaps affecting the outcome of what looks like a no-first-ballot-nomination convention. The alternative is to admit that Udall has the best chance and get behind him.

They will have to decide what they should do on rather scanty evidence of Udall's strength. Despite his strong showing in Massachusetts, his performance in New Hampshire was not spectacular and, since he is skipping the tests in Florida, Illinois and North Carolina this month, the next chance to measure his appeal will be in New York on April 6. Still, the liberal Democrats have no time to waste (money and workers will evaporate if they dally); they must make their choice on these early returns.

The most difficult case is that of Fred Harris who did relatively well in Massachusetts and who sees himself as representing policies beyond the liberal "mainstream" of the party. But the argument, even for him, is powerful—that unless the whole liberal side of the party swiftly backs Udall, the initiative will swing to the Right—to the cold-war standpattism of Jackson and the charismatic cloudiness of Carter, not to mention the savage distraction of Wallace.

As for the Republicans, it begins to seem that Tweedledum Ford is outdistancing Tweedledee Reagan. It is hard to say which of the twins would be a more inviting target for the Democratic nominee.

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The End of Option Two

Events in southern Africa are running away with what passes for American policy in that area. The next flash point, as they say in national security circles, will be Rhodesia and the crisis is upon us (and upon the white minority of 4 per cent which rules the country without sharing power with the huge African majority).

Now the blacks in Rhodesia and its neighboring countries are insisting on a rapid change. They want an end to the racist rule of Ian Smith's white minority government. In effect, they are demanding majority control, a policy which Britain has ineffectively endorsed for a dozen years for its former colony. But there is now a powerful external reason why something must give, and fast, in white Rhodesian intransigence. It is that the Russians are arming the neighboring states, powerfully reinforced by the Cuban expeditionary force which threw the winning weight into the balance of the factional war in Angola. The word is that Russian and Cuban "advisers" and weaponry are arriving in the former Portuguese colony of Mozambique, just to the east of Rhodesia. Open war seems about to break out, and Ian Smith's white regime cannot possibly win it.

What can and should the United States do in this situation? Our policy in that region of Africa has been benighted, to say the least, as recent events in Angola demonstrate. Kissinger has been the architect of all these "conceptual" (to use one of his favorite terms) and practical errors of policy. They date back to his infamous Option Two of National Security Memorandum 39, in which in 1969 Kissinger recommended, and Nixon accepted, the policy of favoring the white-minority regimes of southern Africa, on the incredible assumption that they were there to stay and that only through them could "constructive change" be achieved.

We backed the Portuguese dictatorship's colonial rule to the last moment and then supported the losing factions in the ensuing civil war. In Rhodesia the Nixon-Kissinger policy was to skirt the economic sanctions the U.N. voted a decade ago in its attempt to put world pressure on the Smith government to make concessions. Even South Africa, Rhodesia's neighbor to the south, itself a racist state, has played a more enlightened role there than our government, for the pragmatic reason that it fears a general war of blacks against whites in all of southern Africa.

Only a few weeks ago Secretary of State Kissinger declared that the United States would not "tolerate" any further expansion of Russian influence in southern Africa. Are we now to imagine that if black Africans rise up with Russian help and attack the regime of Ian Smith and the white settlers the United States would send military forces to the rescue of a lily-white Rhodesia? The idea would be grotesque under any American Secretary of State other than Henry Kissinger. Still, even with him in office, it cannot happen.

So what will we "tolerate" if the white Rhodesians won't yield to decency and reality? The answer is: anything that happens. The United States has lost almost all influence in that part of the world, among others. Because of past mistakes and reactionary policies we can

IN THIS ISSUE

March 13, 1976

EDITORIALS

290
293 The Coal Boom: Safety and Tonnage — *Phil Primack*

ARTICLES

294 Brazil Leaves Our Orbit — *Elizabeth Farnsworth & Nancy Stein*

The Tyranny of "Intelligence":
296 Ford's Blueprint for Arrogance — *Robert L. Borosage*

299 The Next Move Is Up to Congress — *Richard J. Barnet*

301 A Non-Nuclear Future Rejecting the Faustian Bargain — *Richard A. Falk*

306 The Word from Bal Harbour Labor Is Back in Politics — *Harry Bernstein*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

309 Bicentennial Reflections (Part I) — *Emile Capouya*
311 The Mumble as a Literary Form — *Judah Stampfer*
312 The Unsettling of America—an Exchange — *John R. Woods & Wendell Berry*
314 Booktime 1975 — *L.L. Case*
315 Tait: My Father, Bertrand Russell
Clark: The Life of Bertrand Russell — *C.W. Griffin*
316 Good News (poem) — *Susan Bartels*
317 Films — *Robert Hatch*
318 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*
318 Love (poem) — *Aleksis Rannit*

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only sit on the sidelines and make fierce but irrelevant noises. And watch the Russians take advantage of the errors of our ways. We will go on paying for those errors for a long time to come.

The Polluted Embassy

The way to identify the American Ambassador at a diplomatic reception in Moscow is apparently not by the cut of his jib but by the redness of his eyes. And if our government adopts the suggestion of *The New York Times* (editorial, February 28), for a "retaliatory microwave bombardment," the same test will soon do for the Russian Ambassador in Washington.

The absurdities of the "intelligence" business on both sides of the half-lifted old iron curtain has reached a point where such an observation is more reality than joke. We read that the Kremlin has recently so increased the "normal" dosage of microwave irradiation of the U.S. Embassy, situated 1½ miles from the Kremlin's walls, that our Ambassador, Walter J. Stoessel, Jr., has been suffering from nausea and bleeding eyes that some doctors say could lead to cataracts. Our State Department found grounds for paying the husband of a former secretary in our Moscow Embassy to settle a suit he brought charging that the cancer she died from in 1968 was caused by all that intrusive Red radiation.

Meanwhile, Soviet diplomats are saying on the Washington cocktail circuit that the Russians mean no harm by these microwave exercises: they are simply trying to make it harder for the antennas on our Tchaikovsky Street installation to eavesdrop on Kremlin bigwigs. The "leak" that all this was going on seems to have come from State Department physicians who felt their prime professional duty was to the health of our diplomats abroad rather than to the spy masters.

There is a serious side to all this hugger-mugger that goes far beyond the gamesmanship between the spy systems of the United States and the Soviet Union. The intelligence services of big powers always develop a momentum and rationale of their own which often have nothing to do with the national security they are supposed to be guarding. The American "intelligence community" costs about $10 billion a year (a figure that was the total federal budget as recently as 1940). Congress has been trying, since Watergate, to put a hand on this huge apparatus, and the Executive which operates it has been doing its level (or tilted) best to keep the lid on our "secrets."

What are these secrets worth and for whose benefit are they obtained and closely held? The answer that has trickled out from the laborious attempts by Congress to see behind the veils is that many of them are not worth the reams of paper they are written on (viz., the failure to know what was going on in the Middle East in 1973 before the latest war broke out, not to mention the series of disastrous bad guesses and cooked data in Vietnam). As to who benefits from the mountains of information, the evidence is strong that much of it is used simply to buttress policy decisions the executive branch has made more or less in the dark.

The truth about the existing American intelligence system is that its secrets are kept more from us, the people and their elected Representatives in Congress, than from any imaginable enemy. No republic not based on the knowledge and consent of its people will long survive that state of affairs.

Running Against Castro

The price this country pays for having Gerald R. Ford as President is rising rapidly as the campaign warms up. Mr. Ford, seeking the votes of no more than 22,000 Cuban refugees who are registered as Republicans in Florida, gave a vicious twist to American policy toward Cuba in a recent Miami campaign speech. He branded Fidel Castro an "international outlaw" and called his government "a regime of aggression" for sending troops to Angola. (Remember Vietnam?) "I solemnly warn Fidel Castro against any temptation to armed intervention in the Western Hemisphere," blustered the President of us all, threatening "appropriate measures" if that should happen.

His Republican rival, Ronald Reagan, in another part of the Sunshine State, was playing variations on Caribbean bellicosity, accusing Mr. Ford of making secret agreements with Panama to "give away" the Canal. Politicians, when they run scared of each other, can be counted on to solicit votes with unprincipled statements, but what an incumbent President says about foreign affairs constitutes national policy. However, Mr. Ford has never understood the dimensions of the office into which he was thrust. That is the main reason why the country has never been able to recognize him as its President.

Security Panic

It now appears that the Congressional "sieve," through which leaked the House Intelligence Committee report on the doings and misdoings of the CIA, FBI, NSA, DIA and all the rest of the spy agencies, was made up of a mesh with 2,293 holes, at least one of which was wide enough to let its precious contents escape. According to Jack Anderson, that many copies of the Pike Committee document were printed by the Government Printing Office, a not exactly watertight outfit.

The Congressional committee has the difficult assignment of tracing back to its source the one copy of the report which, after extensive accounts drawn from it had appeared in the press and on the air, was printed in *The Village Voice*. But the House Ethics Committee, which has never till now formally investigated anyone, has asked for $350,000, and is prepared to hire a staff of twenty or more investigators, headed by a former inspector of the FBI, to carry out the work (*The New York Times*, March 3). That sum compares impressively with the Senate's Watergate Committee original budget of $500,000 and, according to the *Times*, the Ethics Committee could tap unspent funds up to $900,000.

It is increasingly clear that the executive branch (Richard Nixon's synonym was "The Presidency") is engaged in "stonewalling," to use another term from the Water-

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gate era. The Ford administration takes every opportunity to defy Congress when that body attempts to perform its constitutional duty of informing itself in order to pass laws. A recent and blatant example of this policy was when the House subcommittee investigating government interception of private telegraph and Telex messages received a flat refusal to testify from four FBI agents, past and present, and an employee of the super-secret National Security Agency. This refusal was, predictably, based on the dubious doctrine of "Executive privilege," here applied by the Attorney General and the Deputy Secretary of Defense. Even more outrageous was the claim to Executive privilege by Western Union International, the corporation which transmitted the messages that were bugged, tapped or otherwise purloined.

The House, as it considers whether or not to punish Daniel Schorr for his action in making public a document which it timidly withheld from public scrutiny, must summon up its courage and contest these extravagant claims to a monopoly of vital information on the nation's business which Mr. Ford keeps stubbornly asserting. We must now look also to the Senate Committee headed by Senator Church to make an issue of this usurpation of power. But reports (not leaks) of the extreme security measures being taken to protect the committee's report (every page of each Senator's copy will be stamped with his name), along with rumors of the limited range of its recommendations, are not reassuring. Senator Church is announcing his candidacy for the Democratic Presidential nomination. He may wish to appear "responsible" and "Executive" as he seeks that office. He would make a more appealing candidate as a vigorous defender of the essential rights and duties of the Congress in which he has served for nineteen years.

The Coal Boom: Safety and Tonnage

Phil Primack

While the last great single American mine disaster occurred more than five years ago, when thirty-eight miners were blown up near Hyden, Ky., the overall toll of death and injury in American mines continues at a shocking rate. Coal itself has been getting lots of press lately, with Congress, the administration and virtually everyone else citing it as a domestic fuel savior. We do have massive coal reserves, and with all the prompting and some high prices, 1975's production of 640 million tons was the largest since 1947. At that production level, 152 American miners died—twenty more than in 1974. And during the first ten months of 1975, nearly 9,000 miners suffered injuries, a total up 1,600 from the year before.

Put another way, nearly thirty coal miners were being killed or injured during every calendar day of 1975. Most of these deaths and injuries occurred one, two or three at a time, receiving consequently little press, though reams of copy and reels of film were used to cover many far less basic aspects of the "energy crisis." Is that because many Americans have come to believe the industry's alibi, occasionally echoed by the government, that mining is by nature a hazardous occupation, and you have to expect these things? Or might it be that most of the deaths and injuries occur in Appalachia, where human tragedy is somehow more acceptable?

Whatever the case, coal miners need not continue to be unnecessarily sacrificed to increased tonnage demands. The problem is not beyond solution by already existing means. We have a federal law on the books which, if rigidly and consistently enforced, could ease much of the carnage. Similarly, state laws need to be obeyed, and in many cases toughened. With all the laws, though, why have the statistics told an ever grimmer story?

On the federal level, newly appointed Mine Enforcement and Safety Administration administrator Robert Barrett told a Senate confirmation committee last December that "a man can work in a mine and that a mine can be operated fatality-free. There is no earthly reason why a man has to die in a mine—and I think that can be accomplished."

These were refreshing words to hear from a top federal mining official, and Barrett currently has the support of the United Mine Workers in what he says will be strengthened MESA safety efforts. He has asked for 145 safety inspectors to be added to the present force of 1,200, and the Ford administration has asked Congress for $6.5 million in fiscal 1977 for safety improvements. However, a report in eastern Kentucky's *Mountain Eagle* reveals that of the requested funds, only about $500,000 is for actual safety enforcement. A United Mine Workers spokesman said he was unimpressed by the administration's commitment to MESA's safety role: "The history of MESA's safety enforcement division makes it crystal clear that the law has no teeth." The UMW, and others, want Congress to strengthen the act.

The situation could grow even worse with the possibility of another boom in the demand for coal later this year. Even if Barrett gets his additional inspectors, it will mean little unless they enforce existing mine laws rigorously and unless MESA pursues stiff penalties for each company violation. MESA (and before it, the Bureau of Mines) has a record for imposing penalties that is about as dismal as the industry's safety record itself.

Western Kentucky's coal field, for instance, had fourteen mine deaths last year, up by eleven from 1974. The UMW has called a "safety alert" in the area, and MESA has conceded the seriousness of the problem. But an extensive analysis of the safety problems there in a recent UMW *Journal* showed that a major cause of the situation was outright sloppy safety performance by coal companies and their supervisors, compounded by mere wrist

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slaps from state and federal inspectors.

The *Journal* noted that about $69 million had been assessed for 412,000 violations of the 1969 federal mine law, which comes out to $167 a violation. But company appeals, and government docility, routinely reduce penalty assessments, so that in fact an average violation costs a company about $75.

The air waves are filled with Exxon and other national fuel conglomerates telling us of our great future in coal. Exxon and the others need to be told that that future must include better safety performance. Bad safety practices need to start hurting operators just as they hurt their workers. A safe mine, after all, is an efficient mine. Safety and tonnage need not be at odds.

BRAZIL LEAVES OUR ORBIT

ELIZABETH FARNSWORTH & NANCY STEIN

The capering friendliness displayed by Secretary of State Kissinger during his late February visit with the despotic rulers of Brazil may have seemed excessive to Americans who have not followed closely recent Brazilian moves on the stage of world affairs. The fact is that Latin America's largest, most populous and richest country, whose loyal cooperation Washington has long taken for granted, has been showing a disconcerting willingness to follow an independent, if not antagonistic, course. Whatever pressure he may have been applying behind the scenes, Kissinger's public deportment was obviously designed to engage the Brazilian leaders in a dance of festive reunion.

The military government of Brazil took a bold gamble in the world foreign policy game last November when it recognized the Soviet-backed MPLA as the effective government of Angola, and thus placed itself squarely in opposition to U.S. policy in Africa. Brazil was the first Latin American country after Cuba to recognize the MPLA, which in itself is cause for controversy, since the two countries represent diametrically opposed examples of government and economic planning in Latin America. (Peru and Guyana have since recognized the Luanda government.) Cuba is a Communist country aligned with the socialist world, while Brazil is a capitalist country governed by a repressive anti-Communist military government. In fact, since the 1964 U.S.-backed military coup, Brazil has so consistently pursued pro-U.S. policies, that some Latin Americans called it a "sub-imperial" power, implying that the United States could always count on Brazil to represent its interests in the southern hemisphere.

The carefully timed and executed recognition of the MPLA is the latest in a series of controversial diplomatic moves which Brazil hopes will make it a "co-imperial" rather than a "sub-imperial" power. Since 1974, Brazil has worked out a sophisticated set of policy priorities called "responsible pragmatism." In essence, the policy is designed to increase Brazil's economic influence and offset recent economic difficulties caused by the world recession. To do this, Brazil has worked hard to diversify its trading partners, and especially to expand trade with countries previously considered off limits—mostly Communist countries and Left-leaning Third World nations. In 1974-75, Brazil established relations and expanded trade with Peking, raised its Eastern European missions to embassy level, and promoted trade with the Soviet Union. These moves did not endanger Brazil's close relationship with the United States, because they coincided with the Nixon administration's push for détente. But other aspects of Brazil's "responsible pragmatism" involved steps which openly flouted U.S. leadership and advice. In recent months, for example, Brazil angered the United States on three occasions, one right after the other: it voted with the Arabs in the United Nations to condemn Zionism as a form of racism; it signed a $4 billion nuclear power deal with West Germany which may eventually give Brazil's military a nuclear capability; and it recognized the MPLA, in spite of its backing from Cuba and the USSR.

These moves worry U.S. policy makers, who want Brazil to provide in the South Atlantic a counterweight to the pro-Third World, often anti-American foreign policy of such Latin American nations as Mexico, Panama and Peru. As former President Nixon told then President Emilio Garrastazú Medici in 1971, "We know that as Brazil goes, so will go the rest of the Latin American continent." And the prestigious daily, *O Estado de São Paulo*, on January 1 featured remarks attributed to Edward Mulcahy, U.S. Assistant Under Secretary of State for African affairs, who said that the United States was "surprised" by Brazil's decision to recognize the MPLA and had expressed its concern to the Brazilian foreign office.

Washington recognizes that Brazil's size and potential wealth make it one of the United States' key allies. A country of 108 million people, Brazil is larger than the continental United States. It is rich in agricultural products and minerals, with a third of the world's supply of iron ore and newly discovered oil deposits. Its GNP grew an average of 9 per cent between 1970 and 1974 ($62 billion to $85.6 billion), though it slowed to 4 per cent last year. Although the stable economic and political

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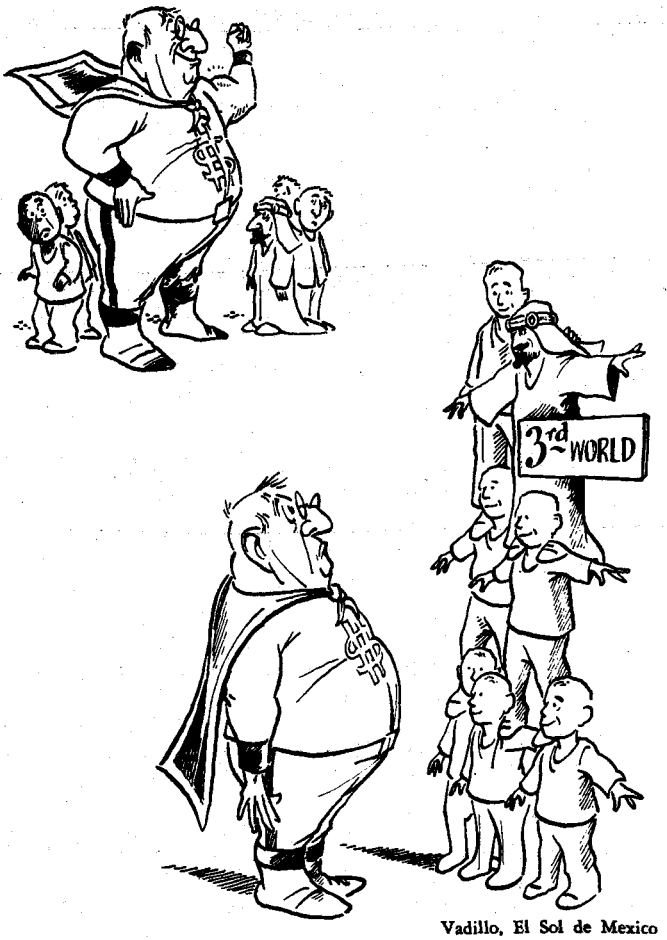
climate which produced these successes was achieved by brutal and large-scale repression, including the torture and often murder of political prisoners, the United States has rewarded Brazil's rulers with huge amounts of economic and military aid in order to encourage the anti-Communist, pro-U.S. policies to which they seemed committed. Brazil got about $450 million annually in bilateral aid from the United States in the 1964-71 period; it received a quarter of all military assistance going to Latin America during those years. Why then would Brazil now alienate its benefactors in order to solicit ties with Third World countries like Angola?

The primary catalyst for the new policy can be summarized in one word: oil. Brazil depends on imports for 60 to 70 per cent of its oil, and this need provided the immediate cause for the "responsible pragmatism." In 1973, the OPEC nations threatened to include Brazil in their oil boycott unless Brazil dropped its support for Israel in the Mideast; Portugal in its African colonies; and the white minority government of South Africa. Brazil had followed a pro-Israel policy until the threatened boycott forced it to support the Arabs in significant disputes. In 1974, Brazil called for the withdrawal of Israeli troops from territory seized during the 1967 war. Shortly thereafter it voted to expel Israel from UNESCO; in 1975, it supported the Arabs in the crucial Zionism vote.

The new policy paid off. Brazil negotiated beneficial trade agreements with Iran and other OPEC nations guaranteeing a supply of oil. A subsidiary of Brazil's state-owned oil company, Petrobras, is involved in its own oil exploration projects in Iraq, Egypt and Algeria; in addition, Brazil has been able to attract "petrodollars" into its industry. Last year, the Arab nations invested $2 billion in Latin America, the greater part of it in Brazil.



Vadillo, El Sol de Mexico

Brazil's need for oil also provided the immediate stimulus for a change in its traditional policy toward southern Africa, which had been based on support for Portuguese colonialism. Nigeria, in particular, which provides much of Brazil's oil, persuaded Brazil to drop this support, and to condemn openly South Africa's apartheid policies. Before the coup of 1964, Brazil had in fact begun to move toward support of the liberation movements of black Africa, but the right-wing generals who then took power considered it a duty to protect and enhance the interests of Portugal—Brazil's former colonial ruler.

With the threatened oil boycott, the Portuguese revolution of April 1974, and the rise to power of Gen. Ernesto Geisel in Brazil, the policy did change. As a former head of Petrobras, Geisel was particularly aware of the need for a secure supply of oil. He sent his foreign minister, Azeredo da Silveira, (whom Kissinger called by his first name when he signed the "understanding" with Brazil), to Africa to begin a kind of "mini-détente" with Portugal's former colonies.

Brazil recognized Guinea-Bissau and Mozambique and sent a diplomatic mission to the provisional government in Angola, which was then composed of the MPLA, the FNLA and Unita. When that government fell apart, Brazilian leaders decided to recognize, as they put it, "the government installed in Luanda," a euphemism for the MPLA. As one Brazilian journalist observed, "Itamaraty [Brazil's foreign office] knew that a wise diplomat had at his disposal a wide choice of alternatives to recognize the independence of Angola, without clearly supporting one of the movements battling for power. It resolved to adopt a position that left no doubt at all about whom it supported."

This unambiguous support for the MPLA was dictated by Brazil's needs for commercial relations with the other African nations, like Nigeria, Mozambique and Tanzania, that support the MPLA. Further, Brazilian Government sources have said repeatedly that they feel the MPLA is the obvious winner in Angola. One headline in a recent issue of *O Estado de São Paulo* read, "Foreign Office Says Victories of MPLA Justify Government Support." But the main factor was Brazil's determination to increase its economic ties with black Africa. Brazil needs oil, which Angola has in substantial quantities. Further, like Brazil, Angola is a major coffee producer, and Brazil would be pleased to extend its control over Angolan coffee to assure high and stable world prices. Finally, Brazil needs new markets, especially now, when the Brazilian "economic miracle," which is predicated on production for export, is in trouble due to the world economic recession. As Brazil's foreign minister explains, "The newly emerging African nations provide one of the biggest potential markets for the exportation of Brazilian

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products." The former Portuguese colonies, which share language and historical traditions with Brazil, are the most obvious staging grounds for Brazil's drive for African resources and markets. And Angola, with its oil and diamond mines, its coffee and its geographical proximity to Brazil (Recife is closer to Luanda than is Lisbon) may be the first stop.

Some Brazilians hope that their country will replace Portugal as overseer of the wealth of Angola and Mozambique. This neo-colonial aspiration helps explain some of the contradictions inherent in Brazil's "responsible pragmatism." For example, at the same time that Brazil pursues close relations with black Africa, it is working to expand economic relations with South Africa. Though the government has publicly condemned South Africa's apartheid policies, it rejects the idea of a formal boycott of that country, and in fact has increased trade and investment. Total trade between South Africa and Latin America grew from $55 million in 1973 to $157 million in 1974, $90 million of that with Brazil. Brazilians travel widely in South Africa and Brazilian investments in South African mines and industries are on the rise, as are South African investments in Brazil. In addition, the two countries have similar strategic concerns in the South Atlantic, since both are dependent on its waters for all of their shipping. There is talk in Brazil of military ties between the two nations on the order of a South Atlantic Treaty Organization, but no details are available.

It is clear from Brazil's attempt to court both black Africa and racist South Africa that it is willing to take risks usually reserved for the more developed countries. Like larger, more powerful nations, it hopes to play off different areas of the world against one another, and thus advance its own interests.

A recent study by the Hoover Institution (a Stanford-based think tank) and the American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy Research reveals the concern Brazil's sophisticated game is causing in the United States. The study urged that the United States, Japan and Western Europe, "help integrate Brazil into the developed neo-capitalist Atlantic community," in order to "keep Brazil from turning into a kind of 21st-century rogue elephant in its mad stampede for superpower status." According to the study, future Brazilian administrations may decide that the "dubious value of Third World leadership is worth more than a junior partnership in the Euro-American club"—a possibility the study views with distress. In fact, Brazil's policies are aimed at using the Third World in order to become a *major* partner in the club. Brazil's Angola policy is a step in this direction. □

THE TYRANNY OF 'INTELLIGENCE'

Ford's Blueprint for Arrogance

ROBERT L. BOROSAGE

Gerald Ford's Second Pardon. The President's reform program for the intelligence agencies is a direct challenge to the rule of law. Faced with hard evidence of illegality and abuses by the intelligence officials, Mr. Ford has issued a blanket pardon for past crimes and a charter for future abuses. In case anyone was confused by the President's rhetoric of reform, the Justice Department made it clear by announcing that it would not prosecute Richard Helms, the former director of the CIA, for his admitted role in a 1971 burglary. The quality of the administration's mercy is apparently not strained when it comes to official crime.

When Ford pardoned the crimes of Richard Nixon, he made the error of openly admitting what he was doing (if not why he was doing it), and thus erased his early popularity in one grand act. He did not repeat the mistake in the matter of secret agencies: he announced his second major pardon in the guise of a reform program, a cover story worth unraveling.

The Restrictions: Making It All Legal. The centerpiece of the President's program is an Executive Order which outlines new charters for the foreign intelligence agencies (the FBI is omitted from the program), along with new restrictions on their activities. To underline what he considers to be his inherent "constitutional responsibilities to manage . . . foreign policy," the President issued an Executive Order rather than seeking legislation. An Executive Order has many advantages for a President. No criminal penalties attach to violations of its provisions. Moreover, its restrictions can be changed or rescinded by the stroke of a pen—in secret if so desired. Merely an expression of "higher orders," it may even be superseded in practice by oral commands from the President. No intelligence agency official is likely to tell a President that his oral orders violate his own Executive Order.

Many of the restrictions in the President's order prohibit the agencies from engaging in activities—mail opening, wiretaps, tax-return intrusion—that are already against the law. In the past, these agencies apparently felt that ordinary law did not apply to them, and the inescapable implication of the order is that criminal laws apply to intelligence officials only if reaffirmed by Executive Order—or more simply, that our secret agencies are governed only by higher orders.

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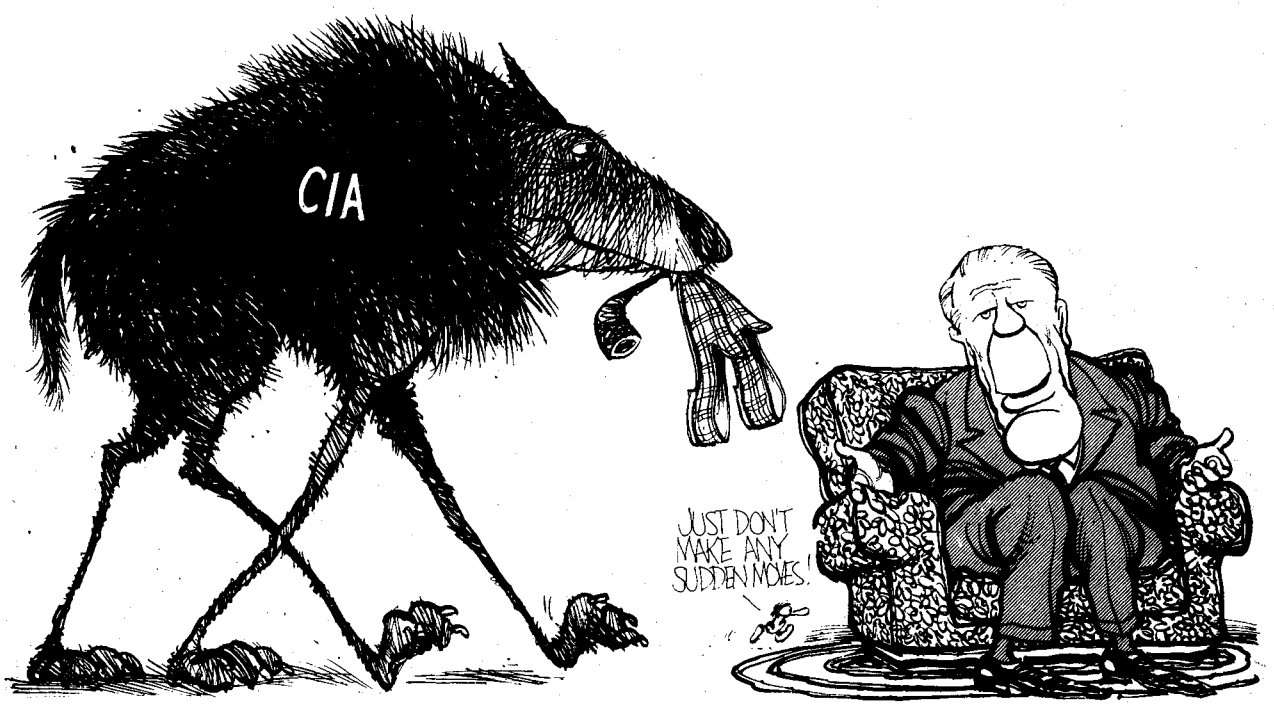
Many other clauses phrased as restrictions contain exceptions that empower the agencies to do things which previously were considered abuses. For example, the 1947 law establishing the CIA specifically bans it from engaging in any domestic police, law enforcement or internal security functions. The CIA's massive illegal domestic surveillance programs were the cause of the entire review of the intelligence agencies. Yet the President's order provides authority for the CIA to get back in the business of spying on Americans. President Ford authorizes the CIA to collect information on the "domestic activities of United States persons" who are "reasonably believed to be acting on behalf of a foreign power . . ." or "who pose a clear threat to foreign intelligence agency facilities or personnel. . . ." The CIA's Operation CHAOS—whereby agents infiltrated domestic organizations and spied and reported on more than 300,000 individuals and organizations—was justified within the CIA as an investigation of the "foreign contacts of American dissidents." The CIA's Office of Security program, which placed agents in groups like the Women's Strike for Peace and the Washington Peace Center, was justified as necessary to insure the safety of CIA buildings.

tions to or from the United States under classified procedures. The CIA is empowered to conduct secret scrutiny checks on "*potential* sources or contacts."

The President's order even provides the foreign intelligence agencies with authority for their own COINTELPRO operations. (COINTELPRO was the FBI's program to infiltrate and disrupt domestic organizations, which included its harassment of Dr. Martin Luther King.) Apparently the foreign intelligence agencies had felt deprived in this respect, for the President now authorizes them to infiltrate an organization in the United States "for the purpose of reporting on or *influencing its activities* or members," if the organization is composed "primarily of non-United States persons" and is "reasonably believed" to be acting on behalf of a foreign power. The obvious targets are foreign student groups and *émigré* organizations.

Secrecy: Keeping It All Covered Up. The only criminal legislation called for by the President is not directed at the officials who abuse their authority but at those who disclose such misdeeds to the public. Mr. Ford has called upon Congress to pass criminal penalties and injunctive



Oliphant, Washington Star

"See? He's Really Quite Tame. . . ."

If this were not enough, the President's order also allows the foreign intelligence agencies to collect information on the domestic activities of the following Americans: "present and former employees, present and former contractors and their present and former employees," and any "persons in contact with the foregoing. . . ." This group is subject to physical surveillance (tailing), if need be. For the CIA, NSA and the military agencies, even a restrictive reading of this section of the order could encompass millions of Americans. The order also permits the NSA and CIA to intercept international communica-

relief against officials who leak "intelligence sources or methods."

Over the past decade, secrecy has often been used to cover up illegal or unpopular activities by the executive. The intervention in Angola is a recent case in point. Since the cold-war consensus dissipated, information from courageous middle-level bureaucrats often provided the means whereby the abuses and crimes of the intelligence agencies were exposed.

Many of these illegalities have, of course, been ordered by Presidents, including President Ford. Thus, it is not

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surprising that the White House now seeks official secrets legislation from the Congress. For months, President Ford and Henry Kissinger have tried to change the focus of public attention from official crimes to keeping secrets. The cynical use of the death of CIA station chief Richard Welch and the official suppression of the House Intelligence Committee report have greatly helped their case.

However, the President may have overreached himself with his proposed bill. It provides criminal penalties for any bureaucrat who releases information concerning intelligence sources and methods to "unauthorized individuals," including Congressional representatives. If the President gets his way, a governmental official giving information to a member of Congress could be prosecuted as a felon. As his bill would have it, information could be provided to Congress only in response to a formal request from a sitting committee and, of course, unless the bureaucrat had already leaked the information the committee wouldn't know what to request.

Administration spokesmen claim that the bill is not an "official secrets act" because it applies only to officials and only to intelligence sources and methods. But that is a distinction without a difference; intelligence sources and methods include virtually any activity of an intelligence agency. CIA Director William Colby once provided a sworn deposition which argued that disclosing a single gross figure for the CIA's budget (as required by the Constitution) would reveal "sources and methods." Richard Nixon used the same rationale to deflect temporarily the FBI's investigation of CREEP money in Mexico.

Although the provisions of the law apply only to government officials, nothing would stop a prosecutor from summoning a reporter or an editor before a grand jury to be asked, upon threat of jail for contempt, to reveal his or her source.

The President's plan instructs a middle-level official faced with an illegal order to report the abuse to "competent authority"—the agency's inspector general. In the past, the inspector general system has served primarily to warn the director of any "flap material," and to help prepare a cover story. According to the President's order, the inspectors general are to report to the Presidentially appointed Oversight Board. But the Board is similar to the moribund PFAIB—Presidential Foreign Advisory Intelligence Board—which existed in blissful ignorance throughout the period of past abuses. If anyone took the President's program seriously, his first appointments to the board—three geriatric cold warriors—were sufficient to dissuade officials from using the system to avoid committing illegal acts.

Congressional Oversight: Reforming the Club. The President's recommendations for Congressional oversight follow the same themes as his proposals for secrecy legislation. His primary concern is not independent Congressional monitoring, but the retention of secrets within a handful of sympathetic initiates. Thus, Mr. Ford calls for a joint committee; he asks for repeal of the Ryan Amendment which now requires that the administration brief six committees on each new covert action program abroad. He wants discretion as to when he will inform the committees about what is going on in the undercover state.

Further, the President states that no classified information given to any oversight committee may be disclosed without Presidential approval. Ford suggests that neither an elected representative, nor a committee, nor one house of Congress has the constitutional power to release information classified by any one of the 15,000 executive officials empowered to classify information. He would support the outlandish position of Mitchell Rogovin, the CIA's special counsel, that a two-thirds vote of both houses should be necessary to declassify any information over the President's opposition.

For President Ford, "successful and effective Congressional oversight" depends upon the "mutual trust" between the Congress and the Executive. The phrase has the hollow ring of another statement by an executive spokesman. In 1971, before the revelations of the CIA's programs in Chile, Angola, Iran and Italy, before the disclosure of the CIA's illegal activities at home, before we knew about the assassination plots, the underworld associations, the routine lies, perjuries and distortions—Richard Helms, then director of the CIA, was asked how anyone could be certain the CIA was obeying the law. He replied, "the nation must . . . take it on faith that we, too, are honorable men. . . ."

The Missing Links. The fraudulent nature of the President's program is even more apparent in what he failed to do. As noted above, he made no mention of any plans to prosecute intelligence officials for their past crimes. Edward Levi, the President's disappointing, compliant Attorney General, has denounced Congressional calls for a special prosecutor as an attack on the "integrity" of his department. Yet his minions—with their integrity totally intact—have failed to indict one member of the intelligence agencies for perjury, for mail opening, for illegal surveillance, for illegal break-ins, for COINTELPRO activities. The obvious message is that the law did not apply to their activities.

The President has also refused to notify the hundreds of thousands of Americans who were the targets of illegal surveillance. General Motors treats an owner of one of its defective cars better than Ford treats a target of his defective agencies.

Most important, the President refused to consider any limitation on covert interventions abroad—except for a ban on assassination ("Certainly not in peace time," he said at a press conference), previously considered murder in American law. In response to a reporter's question, CIA Director George Bush admitted that the President's program would "not bar bribery" of foreign officials abroad. Mr. Bush might have added that it also would not bar kidnapping, coups, paramilitary adventures, extortion, "disinformation," and the broad range of other routine CIA foreign operations.

Indeed, the President has apparently adopted the position that covert action overseas—the secret interference in another country's internal affairs—is an inherent power of the Presidency. This dangerous idea, discredited after the departure of Richard Nixon, has been hawked around Washington by CIA spokesmen. It would place the President's secret foreign policy above

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the limits of law.

Taken together, the President's actions and inactions have one consistent theme: intelligence officials are responsible only to higher orders from within the executive branch. The issuance of Executive Orders, restrictions that instruct officials not to do illegal acts, secrecy legislation and restrictive oversight provisions—all are designed to exempt the intelligence agencies from accountability to law, while insuring that they will obey the President.

The legal philosopher, Bernard Schwartz, once defined three fundamental elements of the rule of law: "(*1*) the absence of arbitrary power; (*2*) the subjugation of the state and its officers to ordinary law, and (*3*) the recognition of basic principles superior to the state itself."

With his proposals the President has set the foundations for exempting the covert arm of the state from the reach of ordinary law. He is creating a dual state, one part open and governed by law; the other covert and governed by whim. In the name of reform, the President has reconstituted a covert executive spying and paramilitary capacity for use at home or abroad. □

The Next Move Is Up to Congress

The following text is the statement, verbatim, made on February 23 by Richard J. Barnet, co-director of the Institute for Policy Studies, Washington, to the Senate Committee on Government Operations.

President Ford and most critics of the intelligence community seem agreed that improved Congressional oversight is the way to establish constitutional safeguards over the operations of the intelligence bureaucracies and to stop their unlawful activities. Before one can properly prescribe a remedy, however, one must diagnose the disease. A number of the witnesses before this committee have, in my view, seriously minimized the threat that illegal covert operations of the intelligence community poses to American democracy and the ease with which clandestine agencies can circumvent and frustrate oversight. Much of the testimony implicitly assumes that the exposure of certain mysterious secrets represents a greater danger to the American people than the break-ins, eavesdropping, mail interception, assassination attempts, deliberate deception of Congress, bribery of foreign leaders, and secret wars undertaken by our own intelligence agencies.

Unfortunately, the assumption is not warranted. Within the last five years the intelligence community has provided the rationale, techniques and, in some cases, the personnel for a massive and nearly successful assault on constitutional liberties in the Watergate affair, and for massive espionage operations against American citizens. It has also participated in a continuing campaign to deceive the Congress and the public in the conduct of a secret foreign policy in direct conflict with publicly stated policy.

The problem, then, is fundamentally one of restoring balance to our constitutional system. Restoring the confidence of the intelligence community and keeping secrets, President Ford's chief concerns, are distinctly secondary considerations. If we destroy our own freedom by the means we choose to defend it, we will not be the first great nation to do so.

Whether any system of reform can work depends, in my view, on whether the Congress appreciates the extent to which the operations of the intelligence bureaucracies over the past generation have already corrupted our system. Oversight cannot be effective without first significantly restricting the mandate under which the intelligence community currently operates. Only when Congress has less to watch over can it hope to do it effectively. Specifically, this means that covert action, meaning the secret manipulation of the internal politics of other countries (or this one) and the conduct of paramilitary operations, as in Chile, Laos, Guatemala and a host of other countries, should be illegal. It is in the interest of the bureaucratic empire builders in the intelligence community to confuse the clandestine gathering of information, on the one hand, and covert operations of a political or paramilitary nature on the other. But it is in the interest of a Congress genuinely concerned about establishing oversight to make that distinction clear. The principal reason for an administration to carry out secret wars, secret bribery and secret coups is that the Congress and the public would not tolerate them if they knew about them. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger admitted as much when he was forced to explain why the United States had secretly intervened in Angola. If the CIA retains its mandate to conduct a clandestine foreign policy around the world, with a continuing license, legitimated by President Ford's recent "reform" proposals, to assassinate anyone who is not a "foreign official," Congress could spend all its time investigating the agency and never be able to control its activities.

Legislative oversight can help intelligence officials live within a rule of law only if the law is much clearer than it is now. If covert action were eliminated and the enormous bureaucracy devoted to conceiving, planning, and carrying out "dirty tricks" were disbanded, Congress could assert effective control over the essential intelligence functions, information gathering and analysis. It is impossible to devise machinery to force a bureaucracy with a mandate to commit a broad range of criminal activities to act lawfully.

There is now considerable history demonstrating how easily intelligence bureaucracies with a broad and uncertain mandate can mislead, co-opt, or confound mem-

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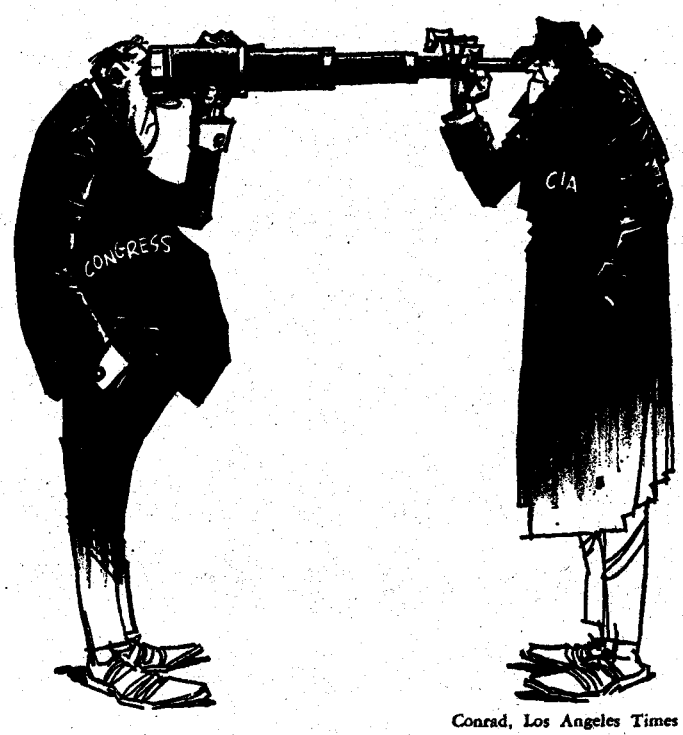
bers of Congress. The House Select Committee reports: "If this committee's recent experience is any test, intelligence agencies that are to be controlled by Congressional lawmaking are, today, beyond the lawmaker's scrutiny." The report then details a campaign of obstruction waged by the administration to keep vital information from the committee: "sanitized" reports with blank sheets, "dribbling" of requested documents one by one, refusal to testify, attacks on the committee, delay, etc. If a committee of the House operating in the glare of publicity at a time when the intelligence agencies are on the defensive can be treated in such a manner, it is not difficult to imagine how routine requests for information the CIA wished to withhold would be handled.



Conrad, Los Angeles Times

Sen. Allen Ellender, who was chairman of the Senate Armed Services Subcommittee charged with CIA oversight, claimed that he knew nothing about the CIA's extensive secret war in Laos. When certain selected members of Congress have become privy to secret information, they have preferred to cooperate with the agency rather than fulfill their oversight duties. At least one such member [Rep. Lucien N. Nedzi (D., Mich.), *editors*] kept silent about the CIA's disastrous covert operations in Chile, which did more to hurt the reputation and prestige of the U.S. Government than almost anything else in recent years. He evidently viewed his responsibility to the intelligence community as a higher duty than his responsibility to colleagues in the Congress or to his constituents. (Allen Dulles told his colleagues on the Warren Commission that he felt he had a duty to lie to anyone except the President to protect an intelligence operation.)

With such a code prevailing there is no hope of making the intelligence agencies accountable. Indeed, members of Congress selected for their "responsibility" act as if they are accountable to the intelligence bureaucracies rather than the other way around. (It has recently been disclosed that some members of the Senate have acted as consultants to the CIA to advise the agency on how to handle a Senate investigating committee.) [Specifically, Sen. Henry M. Jackson (D., Wash.), *editors*.] Members of Congress who see as their first duty to their constituents a responsibility to investigate and expose secret operations abroad which are in direct conflict with stated U.S. foreign policy become the targets of orchestrated public attacks by the intelligence agencies which have special skills in this area, and are threatened with disciplinary action.

There is an arrogant assumption implicit in the position of the intelligence agencies that their secrets are more important than Congress's constitutional responsibility for effective oversight. Mitchell Rogovin, special counsel to the CIA, says that an oversight committee will get secrets only "if the agency is satisfied that the committee can keep secrets." This assumes that the agency rather than Congress is the legitimate body to decide what should be disclosed and that a nonelected agency rather than the American voter should determine who is responsible or patriotic enough to be trusted. Under such reasoning the presence of a potential critic on the committee, someone the CIA thinks ought not to be trusted with secrets, is reason enough to adopt a "stonewalling" policy. Despite the fact that the serious abuse of authority by intelligence agencies, including their assault on civil liberties at home and their ill-advised and dangerous operations abroad, came to light only by way of "unauthorized disclosures," the administration now proposes serious criminal penalties for disclosing the very type of information about criminal and reckless behavior in the intelligence community that made the current investigations of the CIA unavoidable.

The fundamental issue is whether the administration can continue to exert unilateral control over foreign policy, despite Congress's constitutional oversight responsibility. The CIA has been used consistently, as its representatives have frequently admitted, as an instrument for the President to carry out policies that he could not persuade Congress to accept. One of the arguments for the widespread covert funding of student, church and labor groups and the subventions to radio stations and magazines throughout the cold war was that Congress was too conservative and too subject to the pressures of the McCarthy era to support the liberal or social democratic forces which the agency wanted to enlist in the fight against communism. Thus our most sensitive secrets surrounding covert paramilitary activity and internal political manipulation in other countries have been designed to mislead neither the targets of these operations nor the Soviets—both the Laotians and the Kremlin knew well the extent and character of U.S. involvement in Laos—but the American people.

But we cannot have it both ways. We cannot maintain the fiction of a democratic foreign policy and delegate to a secret agency acting for the President the authority to put into practice the very policies he could not persuade the people or the Congress to approve. The

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Secretary of State has on occasion publicly lamented the interference of the American public and its elected representatives in the conduct of his policy. But it is not axiomatic that foreign policies devised in secret, even by brilliant advisers and carried out covertly by unaccountable bureaucrats, are better policies than those that are debated publicly by leaders who must rely on persuasion rather than deception. The founding fathers thought otherwise, and the recent history of clumsy, clandestine, and counterproductive interventions from Vietnam to Angola suggests that they were right.

If oversight is to be effective several crucial steps should be taken: (*1*) The covert action arms of the intelligence community should be dismantled (not renamed or reassigned to another agency) and the President should be given clear Congressional guidelines that he is not to engage in assassination, bribery, covert funding of foreign groups, or paramilitary operations abroad. The Congress should enact a detailed public charter of what intelligence agencies can and cannot do.

(*2*) Congress should establish an oversight committee to look into the legitimate activities of the intelligence community in addition to guarding against illegitimate activities. For this purpose it must have complete access to the budgets of the various intelligence agencies and an adequate staff to scrutinize them. Recent revelations suggest that incompetence and bad judgment in the intelligence community are serious problems. (Both flourish in an atmosphere where there is no outside accountability.) In particular, Congress should take the initiative to improve the analysis function of the CIA. For all the expensively procured secret information the intelligence agencies gather, they appear to be more surprised by events than, conceivably, they should be. In any event, this is an important question for Congress to determine. The Congress should enact clear guidelines for preventing leaks (from all branches of government, including the White House), without stifling public disclosure of classified information when that is essential, as in the recent past, to prevent the continuation of serious abuses. It would seem appropriate that a responsible oversight committee with rotating membership to maintain essential distance between the committee and the agencies it is investigating could have that authority under a set of clear guidelines. Surely the proposal of the CIA Special Counsel that Congress could release no classified information unless two-thirds of both houses approved is bound to protect the agencies rather than the public and is wholly unworkable. A reform measure to redress the present imbalance in favor of secret agencies must start from the assumption that members of Congress are as trustworthy and patriotic as intelligence bureaucrats.

(*3*) It is crucial to encourage a new ethos in the intelligence community, a duty to tell the truth to a properly constituted Congressional body rather than, as at present, a duty to lie or mislead for the sake of "national security." A few criminal prosecutions for individuals who have committed illegal activities in the recent past would make the point more clearly than any new legislation that intelligence officials must live within the law. Conversely, failure to prosecute such officials has the effect of legitimating illegal activity. In the light of the unaccountably lenient view which the administration takes toward perjury and other crimes which appear to have been committed by former senior officials of the intelligence community, the Congress should appoint a special prosecutor to investigate and prosecute, where appropriate, crimes committed by members of intelligence bureaucracies. □

A NON-NUCLEAR FUTURE

Rejecting the Faustian Bargain

RICHARD A. FALK

Despite the amount of discussion, most of it sincere and much of it thoughtful, that has been engendered by the nuclear controversy, little progress has been made to date toward a consensus. And that, I believe, is because the nuclear issue, in the area of energy as well as that of armaments, poses such fundamental choices on every level that it is by necessity profoundly political. Even by doing nothing, which is how most societies, including our own, have been treating the nuclear question, we are making basic political choices—passive choices, choices by default. The real step that now demands to be taken is to create an active, constructive political presence in relation to energy policy. That endeavor involves both the need to negate, in connection with a feal understanding of the deadly threat that confronts our own lives and the lives of all those to come, and the need to affirm, in connection with the creative potential of other ways to evolve in the future.

And for anyone who starts in that new direction, it is vital to comprehend just what it is that gives the advocacy of nuclear power such a strong, sustaining hold on our lives and on our institutions. Given the overwhelming dangers and risks of nuclear technology, its lethal and irreversible consequences, the real question to ask is why this technology is still being used. Why is there agreement not only within high levels of our own government but among all governments in the world that we need nuclear energy? If one hopes to be effective in this matter, one must acknowledge the existence of such

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NUCLEAR ENERGY ALERT

On January 31, a group in Princeton, N.J., calling itself Citizens for Responsible Power Policies, held an all-day meeting on the facts, meaning and implications of nuclear energy and what should be done about them. We attended this gathering, impressive for the content of the ideas presented and for the commitment of the participants, and we present here the paper delivered at the meeting by Prof. Richard A. Falk.

Janet Lowenthal, one of the organizers of the meeting, who also served as *rapporteur*, later wrote that the purpose of the session was to look at the problem of nuclear energy in a much broader context than is usually done. Beyond the matter of reactor safety, which in itself is a serious problem, lie the questions: Who sets our energy goals? What are the politics and the morality of nuclear energy? What are the burdens, the social costs, of current policies on a democratic society? These were some of the questions to which those present addressed themselves, speaking from the podium and from the audience of some 200.

It was pointed out, for example, that the United States is the world's leading "pusher" of nuclear energy and that Secretary of State Kissinger has testified before Congress that it is a "foreign policy necessity" for this country to increase facilities for the enrichment of reactor-grade nuclear fuel for export. The meeting was reminded that Frank Zarb, the head of the Federal Energy Administration, has dismissed all opposition to the national drive for "clean" energy, as he calls it, as "an emotional claim."

Repeatedly, speakers remarked on the arrogant self-confidence of the "pushing" establishment, which is made up of bureaucrats and scientists with a stake in the advancement of nuclear energy and an interest in minimizing its risks. Dan Ford of the Union of Concerned Scientists set forth the difficulties, if not impossibility, of institutionalizing safety in this area in view of the stubborn fact of human fallibility. He cited two cases of human failures at nuclear power plants with potentially disastrous consequences—the ones at Browns Ferry, Ala. and at Hanford, Wash., commented upon in earlier issues of *The Nation*.

Dr. Helen Caldicott, an Australian pediatrician now in this country, told how the campaign she led to alert the people of her country to the dangers of radiation brought, with an assist from Australia's aroused labor unions, a complete reversal of the government's policy on mining and exporting uranium. Dr. Robert Jay Lifton, the Yale psychiatrist and historian, suggested that the anxieties aroused by the presence of nuclear power plants might be put to "creative" use if they were turned toward the control of nuclear weaponry.

More than one speaker referred to the recent resignation of four nuclear engineers from their comfortable jobs because of the threat they saw in present policies to "the future of all life on this planet."

It was a serious and impressive gathering, one that might well be reproduced in many other towns in this country. There is no sign that our "leaders" take the grave problems of nuclear energy at all seriously enough. Citizens will have to force changes in policy through the pressures they can generate. —*The Editors*

an agreement as a very important fact, both for the sake of political realism and also in order to understand the kinds of force one is contending with. The underlying struggle has been well formulated by two nuclear scientists, one on each side of the controversy. I quote from them to provide a framework for what will follow.

The first is Alvin Weinberg, former director of the Oak Ridge National Laboratory and probably the most articulate and perceptive advocate of nuclear energy. Weinberg has consistently claimed that nuclear energy has a magical potency that is dangerous but that will also provide us with inexhaustible power to drive the engines of the world's societies. To quote him: "We nuclear people have made a Faustian bargain with society. On the one hand we offer an inexhaustible supply of energy, but the price that we demand of society for this magical energy source is both a vigilance and a longevity of our social institutions that we are quite unaccustomed to." In effect, Dr. Weinberg is saying that nuclear energy requires a commitment to what he calls a "permanent social order," a society capable of dealing with the toxicity of radioactive wastes—not through hundreds of years but through thousands and hundreds of thousands of years. Obviously, that is something that no civilization has even envisioned, let alone achieved.

Indeed, Dr. Weinberg ends his discussion of the social implications of nuclear energy by asking whether mankind is "prepared to exert the eternal vigilance needed to insure proper and safe operations of its nuclear system." One would hope that that was a rhetorical question. Considering the terrorism and the upheaval that one sees everywhere in the world today, not to mention the relatively short duration of powerful empires throughout human history, the notion of creating eternal vigilance and permanent social institutions strikes me as the most utopian suggestion I've ever heard. Think how proud we are to be 200 years old, and already we've had one Civil War and participated in two World Wars. Even to be in favor of something one calls a Faustian bargain suggests either a rather weak capacity for literary extrapolation, or else a pathological compulsion.

Actually, I think that to call the use of nuclear power a Faustian bargain is to give it a kind of mythic dignity that it doesn't deserve. It strikes me more as a kind of Evel Knievel type of leap into the technological void. And perhaps Evel Knievel isn't such an inappropriate point of comparison, even if he is a somewhat raffish figure, because at least he knows when to stop.

The contrary position in the controversy has been expressed by a Swedish Nobel physicist named Hannes Alvén. In response to claims by builders of nuclear reactors that they have devoted more attention to safety than has ever been given hitherto for any other technology, Alvén replies that such claims are "perhaps pathetic," but alas, "not relevant. If a problem is too difficult to solve," he continues, "one cannot claim that it is solved by pointing to all of the efforts made to solve it. . . . We are facing risks the nature of which we have never before experienced."

That answer really goes to the essence of all the claims

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by technological experts that they have done more than has ever been done before to assure nuclear safety. For if the problem is not susceptible to solution, that is "pathetic," but not relevant. And that kind of pathetic logic underlies the rationale for the Faustian bargain. You strike that kind of bargain only if you are prepared to claim for technology, as well as for the institutional frameworks that are needed to sustain it, an unprecedented perfection that is nowhere evident. You need technological perfection, and you need societal perfection, to prevent the devil from presenting his bill. And the best that one can hope for, the real utopia for embodying nuclear energy in our future, is technocratic militarism. Now that's probably a lot better than apocalyptic catastrophe, but before going ahead with the 5,000 reactors that are currently envisioned for all parts of the world in the next century, one should try to visualize the kind of repressive apparatus and surveillance that will be justified, that we will even plead for, to protect the lethal cores of those plants. And imagine the devastation that will follow the first terrorist incident. But the consequences of that incident will not, in my opinion, lead to dismantling an industry that will by then represent hundreds of billions of dollars in invested capital and be locked into every kind of psychic and political and cultural mold. What it will do is intensify the argument for repression. It will create a kind of technocratic militarism that will be popular as a matter of last necessity. Brazil today serves as a small-scale model.

Having now framed the issue in this way, I feel it is important to try to identify the forces that sustain this kind of political and economic-ecological pathology. Those forces are very powerful; to underestimate them is to misunderstand the nature of the issues. The first and perhaps the most fundamental problem is the link between military potency and the nuclear capacity, both militarily and in terms of energy. Basically, this interconnection arises from American notions of dominance, and from the unspoken knowledge that we can continue to be 6 per cent of the world's population, using 40 per cent of the world's resources only as long as we're stronger than everyone else. The rest of the world will not let us keep this up if we somehow allow ourselves to become vulnerable. So there is a sense in which the nuclear option is intricately and organically connected with our prosperity, our prowess, our whole dominance of world society. To a lesser extent this same sensibility is shared, I think, by other nuclear powers.

How can we keep this kind of dominance in a world of independent sovereign states? That question exposes the whole Catch-22 side of the military/nonmilitary linkage of nuclear power. Because the only way we can maintain that dominance is to deny to others, or to as many others as possible, the option that we keep for ourselves.

The idea of proclaiming nonproliferation (and this approach might more accurately be called a "pacification program" for the world) while we continue to evolve ever more elaborate nuclear weapons systems for ourselves, is the most manipulative as well as the most self-deluding way of coming to terms with the issue of nuclear weapons. What we're saying, in effect, is that we need our nuclear weapons not only to defend ourselves against a possible annihilating attack from another nuclear power —the Soviet Union—but because we also have to save that military dictator in South Korea and, if necessary, we'll use nuclear weapons against North Korea, a nonnuclear Third World country, to do it. (Korea, needless to say, is only one example of many available.)

But if we're prepared to use nuclear weapons for purposes of that sort, why shouldn't the same option be permitted to all those other nations that have other goals in the world? And why shouldn't those who are weaker follow the example of those who are stronger and more successful in the ways that count—according to what we've taught them? In other words, underlying the whole policy of the nuclear age is the fantastic notion that you can both promote a peaceful world and at the same time retain the domineering capacities that come from having nuclear weapons and the announced willingness to employ them. Therefore, in order to obscure the perverse logic of nonproliferation, we have had to proliferate nuclear technology for so-called peaceful purposes, and that is where the Catch-22 factor comes in. In order to prevent the spread of nuclear capabilities, we've had to spread nuclear capabilities, because the problem of how to keep nuclear weapons exclusively for ourselves poses quite an impossible political puzzle. The only way we've been able to get around it is to promise a lot of technological assistance for the development of civilian nuclear programs in the nonnuclear countries. That arrangement is written right into the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty.

This immense process of deception and self-deception is implicit in the effort to have the benefits of nuclear force but somehow deny them to others. And then, to compound the problem, we extend these same deceptions and self-interested motives to the economics of peace. We control more than 50 per cent of the export market for nuclear power plants and are vividly interested in the balance of payments contributions it brings. In other words, we even want to profit in a very literal sense from these policies that are designed to perpetuate our own dominance. And then we have the audacity to lecture the Indians on their temerity in exploding a single nuclear device while in the same week that India exploded that device, the Soviet Union and the United States between them exploded seven far more destructive nuclear devices. *The New York Times*, from its pinnacle atop the liberal establishment, felt compelled to lecture the Indians on their irresponsibility. That kind of thinking is really at the base, it seems to me, of the inability even of those who are generally on the enlightened side of things to perceive the contradictions which we have locked ourselves into by our struggle to maintain dominance in the world—dominance not to maintain our security, not to maintain our life styles but to make sure that we can control things out there in that uncertain world.

There is a joke that in a way illustrates what I'm saying. A man comes home and finds his wife with another man. True to at least one image of the American national character, he conveniently has a gun which he takes out, and shoots the man. Then, having disposed of the man, he holds the gun to his own head. When his wife asks, "Why are you doing that, darling?," he replies, "Don't worry, you're next." That's one way of

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thinking of the relations between the nuclear and the nonnuclear worlds.

The second set of forces that maintain the course we are now taking are those that make up what I call the nuclear-industrial complex, an emerging analogue to our old friend, the military-industrial complex, and obviously built upon it. They have the same main feature: a very close link between large-scale industry and the top bureaucracy of government, both in the executive branch and in the Congress. While this new complex purports to be working for the public interest, it is really working for the profits of a rather small sector of American society. But not only profits are involved in this nuclear-industrial complex; there is also the kind of expansionist thinking that is implicit in any bureaucratic enterprise. Bureaucracies like to grow and they can't grow unless what they're dealing with gets bigger. But what they're dealing with can't get bigger unless it's allowed to develop; and so even though a governmental agency's mission is to regulate, its function is to promote. Until people understand that—and I think they are beginning to—we will keep on looking in the wrong place for a solution. Too much of what we're doing with the idea of improving things is based on continued faith and confidence in institutional arrangements that are committed to contradictory priorities.

Another common thread connecting the nuclear establishment with such other achievements of the society as the war in Vietnam and Watergate is the desperate attempt by the institutions involved to keep their own deliberations secret. Such secrecy becomes a tremendous consideration, because, it is said, the truth is too powerful for the people to handle (whereas, in fact, the truth is too inconsistent to prevail with the values of those who are running things). One really has to get at the root of the nuclear-industrial complex, and by so doing one might also get at the roots of the military-industrial complex.

The third kind of thing that I want to touch on is the myth of technological omnipotence. It is not only the vested interest of corrupt individuals or entrenched bureaucracies that leads to the advocacy of nuclear power. There are also some intelligent and reasonable men—reasonable by normal societal definitions—who have no vested interests, and who yet seem to favor strongly the Faustian bargain. Why do they want to make it? A statement by a group of thirty-two eminent scientists well expresses, I think, a part of this underlying motivation. "We have confidence that technical ingenuity and care in operation can continue to improve the safety in all phases of the power program, including the difficult areas of transportation and nuclear waste disposal." That statement implies an incredible degree of confidence in mankind's ability to solve problems of unprecedented seriousness and for which no solution is yet forthcoming. Certainly no one would drive a car that way—it would be too irresponsible; no one would get in a plane and fly anywhere under those conditions.

To cite another example, when one reads Hans Bethe's article in the January *Scientific American,* one can't fail to notice that every time he comes up against an unsolved problem, he resorts to saying, "I'm confident that we will solve this in the next decade or so, and so in the meantime it's not so serious; so far nothing's happened, anyway." This kind of feeling has underlain all of Western society and industrialization—the belief that somehow or other technological innovation is inevitably a bearer of progress, that if one could only "work out the bugs in the system" the net effects would benefit society. I think this feeling is accentuated in the field of nuclear power, where there is a lot of displaced guilt about the fact that technology did in fact lead to Hiroshima. The compensating hope is that maybe the magical, inexhaustible energy source (so cheap that it's not worth metering, according to the old claim) will lead to something good, no matter how much evidence you produce against the likelihood of this ever happening.

One further factor that I want to mention is the short-term accountability of political leaders. It is really hard for those at the top of the political heap to think beyond the next election. And they're held accountable not for the wrongs they do to future generations but for the relatively low risks that exist in the immediate term. So politicians are highly susceptible to marginal solutions, to attempts to alter by an incremental degree the circumstances which they inherit from their predecessors in power. That's why economists have become so important in the process of governing—not only for their expertise but because they think marginally. The type of issue for which such short-term accountability is most disastrous is one that requires a shift in values or changes in structures, and such fundamental shifts are precisely what the issue of nuclear energy requires.

Related to the absence of long-term accountability is the lack of political and economic imagination at the managerial levels of contemporary industrial civilization. For example, in the short statement issued at Rambouillet by the leaders of industrial governments at a heralded meeting a few months ago, the word growth must have been used twelve times. In other words, the current political leaders of the Western democracies don't know how to do anything except try to keep the economy growing as quickly as possible. Yet we have arrived at a point where growth for the overdeveloped world undermines rather than enhances the quality of life. In this sense, the analogy to cancer is not far-fetched, for this kind of continued industrial growth doesn't enhance the host organism but eventually kills it. It is this kind of growth that the nuclear energy perspective sustains. And the perspective prevails because there is no alternative that is well enough understood by the kinds of people who make the decisions that govern our lives. This lack of political imagination, then, partly explains the compulsion to go ahead with continued growth no matter how clearly its bad effects may be demonstrated. Hence the willingness, indeed the need, to take desperate risks in order to keep that growth going for just another four years.

Of course, this is the mentality that prevailed in Vietnam, when each succeeding administration knew it couldn't win the war but didn't want to be responsible for losing it, and so used every device to keep it going long enough for the responsibility to fall on the next

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administration. Similarly today, there is widespread anxiety among the elite in this country that they don't know how to solve our major problems; they have a sense that there is a runaway economy or runaway civilization, but they don't know what to do about it. Thus, in order to avoid taking the kinds of risk that are involved in either admitting their uncertainty or in pursuing the radical strategies that would be involved in seeking other kinds of energy sources quickly, they persist incrementally in the same direction as before. And the most that dissident observers feel they can do to retard this process is to try incrementally to point out the horrors of the system. Such people try to stop up the latest gap, the latest hole in the dike, hoping that they can stem the flood. All this tends to impose a sense of inevitability to the general drift of events.

Consequently, I think, we are confronted by a very powerful set of forces that is sustained, in a period of insecurity, by an underlying bias for a centralized technology that will keep control in the hands of those who govern this very large unruly process. It is no accident that governments all over the world are being militarized —they can't cope by previous means with the kinds of social, economic and political problem that are being produced by their own dynamics. In this peculiar sense, the Third World is ahead of us, and in my view Brazil represents one model of the American future. Indeed, as I said earlier, if we continue on our present course, the best that we can hope for is to become Brazil. So far we've been rich enough and powerful enough and big enough to deal with these pressures in a fairly moderate way. In a sense, Watergate was a warning that our society as now constituted can no longer deal adequately with its problems. Watergate wasn't caused just by the depravity of a few people who got into the White House. They were only continuing and intensifying a set of structural tendencies in American society and in American government that were leading in that counterinsurgency direction. The question that must be asked now is how to create the kind of economy and the kind of society and the kind of values that don't depend on the emergence of a siege mentality at the centers of power. I see no way to prevent that result if we continue in the nuclear direction.

Therefore, I want to describe the mutually reinforcing directions I feel we ought to be taking. The first thing to say is that an arms control approach to nuclear energy won't work. That approach is what most people have pursued until now—trying to make nuclear reactors a little less dangerous, trying to slow down the nuclear energy race—and one sees how far those same tactics took us toward the disarming of nuclear arsenals. In order to make an arms control proposal acceptable to our own bureaucracy, to pevent the Pentagon from rattling its swords, so many compensating concessions are required that the net result may well be two steps backward for one public step forward.

To get the Vladivostok agreement with the Soviet Union, it was necessary to assure the Pentagon that it would have increased appropriations for all the weapon systems it wanted to build anyway. Therefore, it's important to recognize that the problem of nuclear energy requires a structural solution because it isn't susceptible to marginalism. I'm really saying that one must take a disarmament approach to both sides of the nuclear issue, the military and the nonmilitary, and that one must think in terms of the politics of a *global* denuclearization process. We can't keep these weapons for ourselves, nor can the Russians for themselves, and expect to create a peaceful and decent world system. It's a radically incoherent position. Consequently, one has to think about the logic of denuclearization.

The first measure that could be taken to reverse the tide that has existed since Hiroshima would be to renounce forever the use of nuclear weapons, except in self-defense against a nuclear attack. To put nuclear weapons in the category of poison gases would serve as a minimum tender of good faith. And if we could begin to think in that direction, in terms of a negative arms race that would encompass nuclear power as well as military capabilities, I think we would then begin to recalculate the Faustian bargain and it would cease to look so attractive.

But even a disarmament approach is not sufficient for these problems. One needs to think about the sort of values one wants for oneself and for the rest of the world. There must be a global solution in order for there to be a national solution. There must be a personal solution in order for there to be either a national or a global solution. And one can start immediately, personally, as a member of a community, and from that kind of individual commitment one can then work out to the widest planetary scale. The state is both too big to protect our interests, and too small. As human beings we need structures that are smaller than the state, more meaningful in terms of our identity, but at the same time we also need structures that are larger than the state, and that do reflect the values of a planetary civilization.

Basically, one has to think of what is necessary for a peaceful and just world. How do we create an economy of needs and not wants? And how do we learn that in such a world we will really lead a better life, a life that can free us from many of the destructive things that we've been doing to ourselves in the name of "progress"? Because a lot of what is called "sacrifice" is really a different kind of growth, redefined and reconsidered in terms of transcending the old concept of growth which is purely quantitative, purely material. Transformed to accord with our present situation, growth could become a qualitative and much more of a spiritual and global reality.

That's where we find ourselves right now, at the stage of trying to mobilize at the individual level, so that people will use their own thought and effort to oppose the kinds of manipulation and abuse that have occurred at the level of large-scale organizations, industries and governments. If we succeed in doing that, not only will we break the Faustian bargain but in my view we will be headed for a much more positive future than nuclear energy could provide us, even if it could be made perfectly safe and could indeed give us energy too cheap to be worth metering. □

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THE WORD FROM BAL HARBOUR

LABOR IS BACK IN POLITICS

HARRY BERNSTEIN

Somehow they didn't look like formidable political foes of reaction as they relaxed in their shorts and colorful sports shirts around the pool of the Americana Hotel in Bal Harbour, a rather swank Florida resort where they have been gathering each winter for more than two decades. And they didn't look like tough leaders of America's workers as they ordered *escargots* and rack of lamb or thick steaks in the expensive dining rooms of Miami Beach, or when they sipped Dry Sack Sherry and talked quietly among themselves at the nightly receptions given for them by supplicants of their good will. With salaries of $50,000 or so, they might not be expected to voice the concerns of the average worker.

Many Americans see them, the members of the AFL-CIO executive council, as a rather reactionary, if weak, political force intent on maintaining the *status quo*. But repeatedly, out of those luxurious meetings in the warm winter sun flow vigorous calls for support of liberal traditions, for programs to benefit low- and middle-income families, and for politicians who promise to support those programs and traditions. Once again, in mid-February, the AFL-CIO vice presidents held their meetings and demanded substantial increases in the minimum wage, improvements in the food-stamp programs and other help for the poor. They renewed their call for national health insurance and for a progressive tax structure; they recommended bussing when needed to integrate schools and in general spoke out, rather eloquently at times, for almost all the programs and ideas that the most liberal of the Democratic Party Presidential hopefuls say are good for the country. Their sometimes harsh anti-communism marks them as conservative on international matters, but on domestic legislative issues they consistently take stands that put them in the liberal wing of the Democratic Party (except on a few questions such as drugs and abortion) and, until 1972, the labor federation usually supported Presidential candidates from the same wing of the party.

Many political experts firmly maintain that, eight years ago, the political muscle of the AFL-CIO was the crucial factor in bringing Hubert Humphrey close to a victory over Richard Nixon, but since then the role of labor in Presidential politics has been much less firmly defined. In 1972, the AFL-CIO leaders decided to sit out the Presidential election and thus helped Nixon trounce former Sen. George McGovern. That action did more than all the *escargots* in Florida to convince many liberals that the labor leaders had finally joined the reactionaries. And the continued support that the AFL-CIO majority gave to the U.S. position in the war in Vietnam broke up the liberal, labor and minority groups which for decades had combined to provide the political backbone of liberal Democratic administrations.

Leaders of many individual unions backed McGovern in 1972, but for AFL-CIO President George Meany and his allies on the executive council, McGovern was an unstable radical whose supporters in the Democratic Party had insulted the union leaders, and officially the AFL-CIO remained neutral in the Presidential race. It was the first time that the top officials of the national organization had failed to muster the political strength needed to veto the nomination of a Democratic candidate they opposed.

Now those differences which split labor so badly in 1972 have almost been erased. Vietnam is gone; Nixon is discredited, and the union leaders are coming together again for this year's Presidential campaign, determined to help nominate a liberal Democrat and also determined that they will not be ignored by the Democratic convention in New York this summer. "We want a piece of the action, and we can't go to New York and just sit in our hotel rooms and expect to have things cleared with us," Bill Welsh maintains. He is the political director of Jerry Wurf's highly politicized, militant American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees (AFSCME).

To make sure they do have a significant voice in this year's convention, the unions have launched a major campaign to have union members elected, or selected, as delegates. They expect George Wallace to get about 526 of the 3,008 delegates, and so they hope to put together a labor caucus of at least 600 delegates and, of course, preferably more.

To achieve that goal, several unions have agreed to pay the expenses and lost wages of members who do get to the convention and a coalition of nine unions, including the 1.2 million-member National Education Association (NEA) and the million-member International Association of Machinists (IAM), has set up a clearing house in Washington to coordinate labor's activities in the delegate-selection process. (The coalition includes the IAM, the NEA, AFSCME, United Automobile Workers, United Mine Workers, Communications Workers, International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, International Union of Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers and the Graphic Arts International Union.)

Most unions are now involved in the delegate-selection campaign in varying degrees, with the nine-member coalition in the vanguard. The IAM recently told its million members: "It is the chance of a lifetime to take the nominating process out of the hands of the professional politicians and give union workers a chance to voice their opinions before the nominee is picked."

The union leaders, like many other people, see a good chance that the convention will deadlock and the union caucus will then become a major if not *the* major factor

Harry Bernstein is a writer on labor for the Los Angeles Times.

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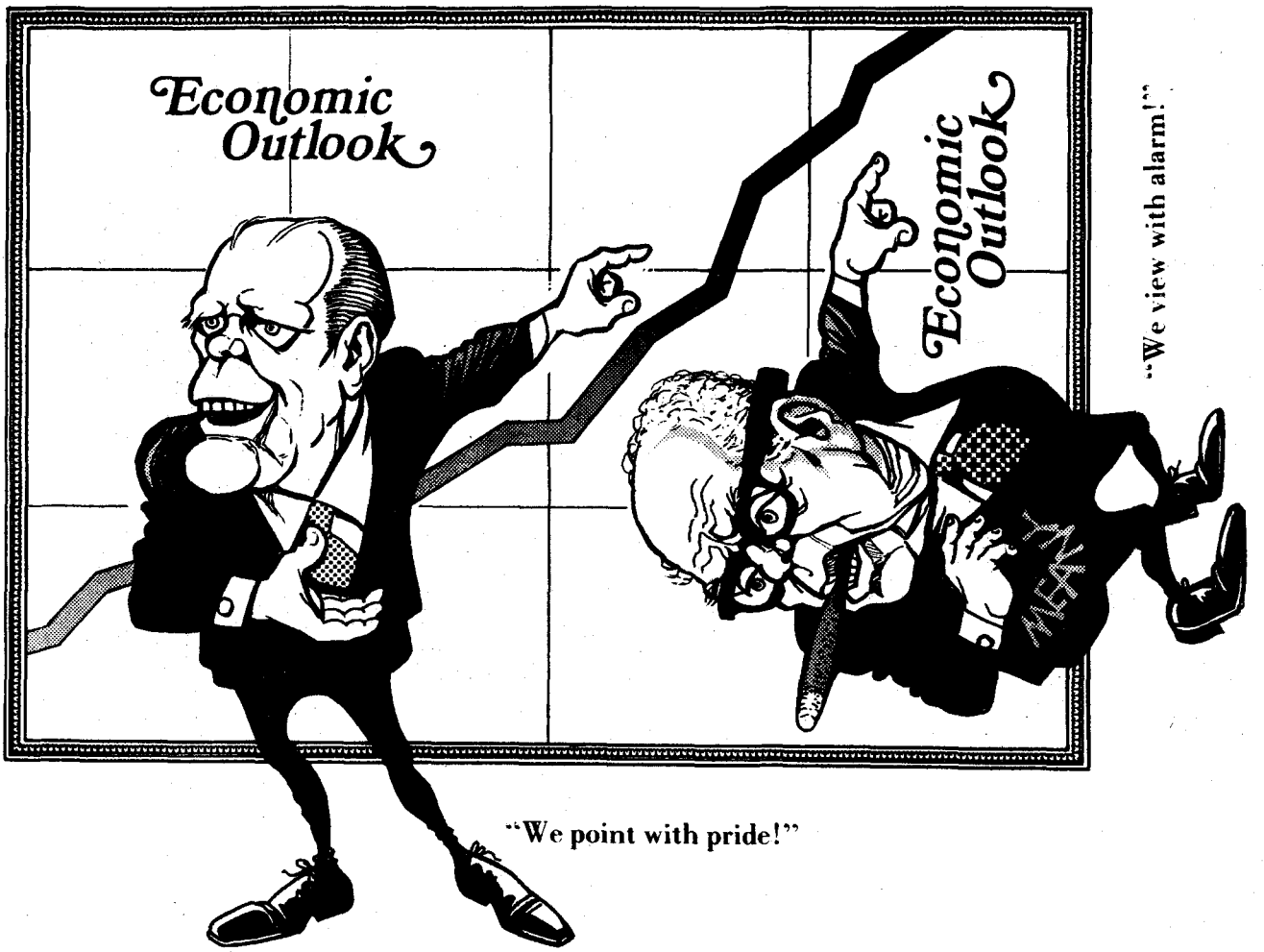

Haynie, The Courier-Journal (Louisville)

in the final nomination. In addition, the unionists want their voices heard when the Democrats' party platform is constructed. The AFL-CIO itself is staying out of the delegate-selection process, but is encouraging all affiliated unions to participate, and Meany says he expects to have a word or two at the convention when the labor caucus meets there to determine strategy.

While the unions are agreed on the basic goal—to get as many unionists to the convention as possible—and even on the candidates they don't want, there are still problems of coordination, if not of principle. For example, the coalition of nine unions decided to back former Gov. Jimmy Carter of Georgia as the most likely candidate to stop Wallace in the Florida primary March 9, although few of the unionists want the Southerner as their first choice for the actual Democratic nomination because, in part at least, they say he is too conservative and has supported "right to work" laws. So, to slow Carter's momentum, some unions began circulating anti-Carter literature in Florida, including one of the harshest attacks yet made on him, "Jimmy Carter's Pathetic Lies" by Stephen Brill, in the March issue of *Harper's*.

Thus the unions are working at cross-purposes in the Florida primary and that lack of coordination could be a sign that the labor caucus at the Democratic convention may not be fully united. The chances are, though, that this time there will be a strong labor front because the union leaders are in basic agreement on both issues and candidates.

Sen. Hubert Humphrey is the almost unanimous first choice of the union leaders, and if the convention deadlocks, they will push hard to turn the convention to their old ally. But they will be content to nominate and work for any of the other hopefuls, except Wallace or McGovern, including Morris Udall, Henry Jackson, Birch Bayh, Fred Harris, Jimmy Carter, Ted Kennedy, Sargent Shriver or Milton Shapp.

On the Republican side, Ronald Reagan is regarded by the nation's labor chiefs as no more than a Western George Wallace. But Ford is a different matter. He had real expectations of getting labor leaders from the hard-hat construction unions, and Paul Hall, president of the Seafarers' International Union, to back him this year as they backed Nixon in 1972. Hall's union supported Ford in Congress, and the SIU gave Nixon $100,000 in 1972, the largest single contribution of any union. Some critics say Hall helped Nixon only to avoid prosecution for alleged illegal political expenditures, but Hall insists his support for the former President stemmed from "only one thing, his goddamned good program for sailors.

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That's all I care about, and that's all there was to it."

Since Ford has helped the SIU's maritime program, too, could Hall back the GOP candidate this time? "No," Hall said, adding: "That son of a bitch lied to us. In our business when a man gives you his word we don't need signatures. Ford told us he would sign that situs picketing bill for construction, and he vetoed it. We can't work with people who lie to us."

Meany says Ford is "completely without compassion" and concerned almost entirely with "keeping the corporations wealthy. . . . We've made up our minds about him." The construction trades union are also united this time against Ford, primarily because of the picketing bill, but also because Ford has opposed a variety of other labor-backed programs to create more jobs in the construction industry.

Robert Georgine, president of the AFL-CIO Building and Construction Trades Department, was as adamant as Hall in promising to fight Ford if the President is the GOP candidate:

> Ford may think we're just talking about this fight. But he's wrong. I keep saying, because it's true, that our word is our bond and Ford went back on his word he gave to me, personally, and to other people.
>
> He was persuaded at the last minute that if he vetoed the situs picketing bill—despite his pledges, publicly and privately, to sign it—he would get a few more conservative votes in the Republican primaries against Reagan.
>
> Well, now he's going to see more hard-hats in this Presidential campaign than he's seen at any other time, and I'm sure going to try and get our people involved, deeply involved.

After the nominations are made this summer, the AFL-CIO will begin its own operations on behalf of the Democratic nominee—assuming it isn't Wallace. Unions have already collected more than $4 million in voluntary contributions for the campaigns, and that money, plus a few million more dollars of similar volunteer money, can go directly into campaigns. But the cost of the computer and direct mailings to members will come out of union dues because the Supreme Court has agreed that, under the free-speech doctrine, unions have the right to spend dues money to communicate with their own members on politics.

The "soft dollars," or dues money, can be used not only for the giant computer operation but for telephone banks, mailings, for sound equipment, and for the salaries of thousands of union representatives who work on campaigns, but who do so directly for the unions and among union members. It is this kind of action that gives labor its real political punch, and Alexander Barkan, director of the AFL-CIO Committee on Political Education, says that this year the federation's political strength will be greater than ever before.

Barkan may be too optimistic, but it would be an even greater political error to write off the leaders of organized labor this year as a weak, fairly reactionary political force mostly concerned with living well at Bal Harbour. They may not be breaking new ground with their economic or social thinking, they may hope to back Humphrey, who seems to many Americans a faded symbol of liberalism, but they are an integral part of the liberal wing of the Democratic Party and the outcome of the election in November will rest to a large degree on the success or failure of their political activities in the next few months. □

LETTERS *(Continued from page 290)*

that the United States and the Soviet Union alike, as "imperialist" and "social imperialist" respectively, qualify as prime enemies of the People's Republic of China (PRC), in service of the dual adversary concept. Let me now add the authority of Deputy Premier Teng Hsiao-p'ing: addressing the U.N. session on raw materials and development in New York in April 1974, he lumped the United States and the USSR together as "the biggest exploiters and oppressors of today," constituting a First World confronted by the Third World—to which, he said, China belonged. Granted that Peking *at present* (in some contrast to earlier years) seemingly views the USSR as the greater enemy of the two, this is because the United States is for the moment deemed the lesser threat; but the difference is quantitative, not qualitative.

Mao Tse-tung and others of the Peking leadership indeed today proclaim, and advertise their saying it, "Do not seek hegemony." But Mao's philosophical commitment to the cause of world revolution, his theories regarding strategy and tactics, *and* Peking's endeavors in the 1960s, under his leadership, first to seize leadership of the world Communist movement and next to win a commanding position in the Third World camp, all counsel skepticism. It will be time enough to weigh the value of that particular Maoism some quarter of a century hence when the PRC by hypothesis may actually have become a "superpower" in its own right. *Then*, how will it act? As the Chinese saying has it, "Wait until the waters subside, and the stones will appear."

O.Edmund Clubb

ringing in the alarm

Janesville, Wis.

Stephen Gillers in his article "Blueprint for Tyranny" [*The Nation*, Feb. 14], suggests that there is a great need to educate the public about the dangers to our liberties in S.1.

Here in Janesville we have been trying to do just that. Last November we presented at a public meeting Rep. Robert Kastenmeier who discussed S.1. Rep. Kastenmeier's appearance generated letters, articles and editorials in the press and discussion on our local talk show, all of which reached many times the number of people who attended our meeting.

We would certainly urge those who are concerned about our constitutional liberties to begin at once the process of public educaiton on S.1. It can be done.

Carolyn Brandun
Jan Kinnaman

Ford's maiden flight

Canton, Ohio

Howard Reiter, in his excellent article, "Winter Book on the GOP" [*The Nation*, Feb. 7], refers to President Ford as being renominated. President Ford, if successful, will be nominated for the first time. He has never been nominated or elected to the Presidency.

Barbara McDonald

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Bicentennial Reflections (Part I)

EMILE CAPOUYA

This is the first section of a two-part essay, the second half of which will appear in an early issue.

A year ago I attended an academic conference that proved to be out of the ordinary. I suppose I ought to be grateful for the experience, because it made me revise my view of the world. But it knocked me off my pins at the same time. Ever since, I have been shaking my head in order to clear it, and groaning and exclaiming. That is perhaps more education than one expects to bring away from a gathering of scholars.

The conference had been called to examine the theme of "private rights and the public good." The participants were chiefly professors of law, political science, history—the social sciences in general—and philosophy. There was a sprinkling, too, of scholars in one or another branch of literary studies, and I suppose it was in that character that I myself had been invited to attend and present a paper for discussion. The letter conveying the invitation suggested that I might choose to reflect on the way in which the humanities might help to clarify some of the issues arising from the topic before the conferees, and in particular from the topic assigned to me: "Privacy and Autonomy."

Now, it is true that I profess the humanities, but I profess something else first. So it made me uncomfortable to be asked to represent culture, in a rather narrow sense, before a gathering of men of the world. And I promised myself that I would do no such thing. Rather than the humanities, I would profess my own humanity, and speak as a man and a citizen. But the way that things turned out at the conference rubbed my nose in the grandeurs and servitudes of my academic specialty. It taught me that you can't touch pitch and not be defiled. My contribution to the discussion was in fact that of a man with a purely literary education.

And my consternation at the reception accorded my remarks may also reflect a too-exclusive devotion to imaginative literature. I found that that pursuit had left me defenseless in the great world. I was a kind of soft-bodied grub that had been burrowing lifelong in the pleasant debris of old stumps of ideas. By contrast, my colleagues seemed to me to be armed in steel of proof—or at least in what the Romans called triple brass.

I should like to give an account of those proceedings, with respect particularly to the deep and deeply disagreeable impression they made upon me. My recital, then, will scarcely be an adequate report of the session as a whole, but rather an intentionally lopsided one, leaning in the direction of my discomfiture. It will take almost no account, for example, of the principal figure at the meeting. This was a distinguished professor of constitutional law, author of the other paper discussed on that day; it dealt, *inter alia*, with a recent decision of the Supreme Court, and with the Court's appeal to the value of privacy in justifying it. The professor observed—most pertinently, I thought—that men who wield as much power as the members of the Supreme Court have the obligation to offer the best possible grounds for their decisions, and to reason scrupulously about them. In his opinion they had not done so in this instance. Though he applauded the decision, he felt that the real issue in the case was not privacy but the liberty of the citizen. He suggested that there are fashions in these matters as in others, and that the Court had chosen the fashionable rubric over the right one—in part because liberty, as a legal category, was grown somewhat musty.

That sounded rather like life to me, and I gave the speaker my ready if uninformed assent. The same scholar also served as *rapporteur* of the session, and in the course of the remarks he offered in discharging that function, he regretted that the premises of my paper were not of a kind that he could assimilate to his own professional concerns. I regretted that too. He was clearly a man of parts. I should have liked very much to be in some immediate sense his collaborator in the human adventure. But his observation was fair enough. And at the end of the day, he turned to me with a cordial handshake, and a "*Mon cher collègue*," uttered with the expression that the French call half-fig and half-grape. Since I had been read out of the race of man in the preceding hours, I was happy to be readmitted, however equivocally, by so good a specimen of the breed. But I shall speak no more of him here.

In the weeks before the meeting, when I was trying to find out what my thoughts might be on the assigned subject, "privacy and autonomy," I found myself checked, kept at a standstill, by the slippery quality of both the terms. Privacy in particular, in its generally accepted sense, seemed to me to be either a vacuum or a grab bag. At the outset I was stuck. I mentioned my trouble to a friend, and he said promptly, "Begin by saying that privacy isn't loneliness."

I knew a good thing when I saw it. He had given me the key to my latent conviction on the issue of privacy—and even on what it might mean that an assembly of scholars had proposed to discuss it. At what point, indeed, in the history of our values, do they become problematic and appear to us to need defining?

So my essay began with these words: "Privacy is not loneliness, my friend says at once. And come to think of it, Crusoe alone on his island is not enjoying privacy but suffering from unrelieved loneliness. Privacy is an aspect of community, available only to persons living in society."

That was so happy a beginning that the most interesting discoveries followed. Now I knew what it was that I had to say, and the words came of themselves.

But when the last phrase had been written, and I was feeling the exhilaration of having delivered myself of my thought, I began to feel something else that was much less pleasant. That was the suspicion that my essay was either above or below the subject. Not in the eye of God, but in the eyes of the men and women I was to address—my professional colleagues, my fellow citizens. For, prisoner of the humanities though I was, some echo of worldly things had reached me. I knew at least that there are fashions in thought, and I began to fear that the ideas unlocked for me by my friend's saying might be out of fashion, or not yet come into fashion. Either way it would go hard with them. The current notion is that privacy is whatever happens behind closed doors. Or what happens when one is alone. Or

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what happens, indoors or in a desert, between consenting adults—in which case the content of privacy is whatever they may have consented to. But that void and cornucopia it had been given to me to disestablish. And since the learned disciplines make just those jejune assumptions about privacy, I was in trouble again.

I resolved, therefore, that when the day came, I would read my essay as winningly as I could—and even preface it with an apology, asking my colleagues' indulgence for having chosen to address them not from the region demarked by my professional specialty but on ground common to us all. More, I would solicit their patience for certain paradoxical expressions that had been wrung from me by my sense that in meeting to discuss privacy we were offering our formal adieux to an endangered species, or possibly to an extinct one. And finally, since I felt within me a kind of shrinking from the troglodyte conclusions of my own essay, I would remind my listeners that the word essay means an attempt, an experiment; that so unassuming a trial did not commit us to anything; that it might have some value even if it were a palpable failure—since in that case we would know that we need not look in that direction again. And other such excuses suggested by cowardice and the scientific outlook.

But those blandishments proved vain. On the day, I was disappointed to learn that I was not to read my paper to an auditory, as had been planned. In keeping with the general custom, it had already been circulated among the conferees, and it had been decided that to save time we would proceed at once to discussion. So I could not hope to be winning. However, I was instructed to make a brief statement that would summarize my argument. Armed with the American faith that if only people can be persuaded to sit around a table and talk, all will be well, and finding myself at the head of an immense table, I took the occasion to appeal for mercy. I remember asking my listeners not to count as mere willfulness the conclusions to which I had been led but to suspend judgment until the discussion to come had clarified the issues we were addressing. I wanted especially to persuade the conferees that no matter how outlandish my views might seem, I had come by them honestly. I was for real. I heard myself say, in support of that claim, "No man would willingly singularize himself in the counsels of the learned." And at the same time I heard another voice, this one within me, that said, "Why do you holler before you're hurt?"

Then it was open season.

I had written that privacy, which is an aspect of community, is not one of those values of which it is proper to ask, How much?—with a view to trading it off for other social goods. The habit of current political philosophy is to regard all goods as merely virtual unless they are represented in formal "claims," that is, in demands made by persons and groups that have the social power necessary to advance such things. A corollary is that unpresented claims have no more standing in philosophy than they do in law, and the socially powerless, those incapable of presenting claims, are equally invisible in either domain. As a practical matter, the value of privacy has indeed been advanced as a claim by visible persons and groups, against the competing claims of others, or against the state—for any such business we treat as an adversary matter from first to last. Accordingly, privacy does have standing as a value in the law and in political philosophy, but only as a claim to be adjudicated in the light of other claims.

The absurdity of that proceeding is clear if we ask abstractly, how much truth shall we have, how much honor, how much public decency, or even how much oxygen. And the absurdity is not diminished if we put the question practically about those kinds of goods, as in fact we do when we try to decide in law among competing claims that appeal to any such values. As a consequence, American Presidents since Eisenhower have been explaining to us that our Chief Executive has the duty to tell us the truth, but also the duty to recognize competing claims that may make it imperative for him to lie to us—that is, for the agent to deceive his principals. Experience shows that important issues are the kind about which American Presidents have the most pressing duty to lie, but they are by no means dispensed from lying about trivial ones as well. Duty, stern daughter of the voice of God! As a consequence, again, oxygen was not much regarded as a value until socially visible persons felt that they were suffocating, and advanced a claim to fresh air. But while the claim gave standing to oxygen as a value, it must still compete with the claims of socially visible persons who may have ample supplies of oxygen, or who may be willing to sacrifice it for other goods, such as money. That political philosophy should be so blindly empirical, and wait until truth, oxygen, or privacy find a champion among persons who are socially visible before admitting any of those things into the realm of values, seems somewhat careless. After all, there is a reasonable chance that the Commonwealth may be grievously injured, and perhaps irreparably, before a properly qualified person feels *himself* injured and repairs to the law for redress and to political philosophy for certification of his claim. As I hinted earlier, I think we may have reached that point with regard to privacy, so that it is a value we may hope to invoke but in the fullest sense cannot expect to enjoy.

The suggestion that privacy, properly speaking, may not be partitive but must be absolute, may not be subject to sale or barter but must be inalienable, may not be an agreeable feature of civil society (say, a pleasant retreat from the glare of publicity) but must be something close to the reason-for-being of civil society, something close to the essence of community—that suggestion I had advanced with natural trepidation in my unfortunate essay. For I had no lust to assert that everyone was out of step but my Johnny. Still less did I want Johnny to be the one man out of step in the platoon, for I remembered how the sergeant used to greet such instances of originality: "Somebody's thinking in that rank!" And yet the emperor was mother-naked, and like to catch his death of cold.

Legal privacy is a conceptual vacuum, to be filled *ad libitum* with any activity that may be lawful—or any activity that simply escapes the purview of the law. In contrast, the privacy of human beings has necessarily a fixed character, a content peculiar to itself. Privacy is the communion we hold with other human beings when we are retired from them, physically or spiritually.

How so? Let us imagine a person who is alone, physically or spiritually, and see what kinds of consciousness we can reasonably attribute to him. He may be thinking, actively and purposefully. In that case he is making use of language, taking the hints offered by a system of speech elaborated long ago by other persons, learned from other persons, in which he improvises a personal strain that is also rigorously traditional. Or perhaps he is musing. His silent utterance has no formal completeness; it expresses what we call half-formed thoughts, all of which have nonetheless the mark of their social origin. Or perhaps he is meditating, in the ascetic, athletic sense advanced by Oriental philosophy. Then, most markedly, he is reposing in human fellowship—if he

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knew himself threatened, if he were in mortal terror, he could not meditate at all. (The only form of privacy that the newborn baby could enjoy would seem to be meditative vacancy, the act of animal faith upon which sociality depends. As a child grows and learns to be human, the other aspects of communion become available to him, articulate thought, musing—eventually that most active form, love, which is as it were the highest pitch of privacy and cannot be fully experienced in company.)

Or so our experience of the thing argues. And against our experience of it, what other argument should be admitted? □

The Mumble as a Literary Form

JUDAH STAMPFER

Franz Kafka's short story, "Meditations of a Dog," might more accurately have been called "The Mumbling Of a Dog." At issue is whether the dog is in total seclusion, or in earshot of his master when he meditates. Our first impression is of a solitary, patient, rational animal, stubbornly fumbling for the truth of his condition. His thoughts unfold, and they are so close to our own that we find the experience chastening. We had never thought that much about what we have in common with dogs.

But as the story goes on, we begin to suspect that the dog is not so much meditating as mumbling, talking just loud enough for his master to hear, but not loud enough for him to understand what he hears. Then subdued suspense and pathetic bravura come to characterize the dog's revelations. The pages of meditation we read, with all their melancholy intelligence, acquire an overtone of posturing. The dog will never arrive at any truth, but the pursuit of truth gives him extraordinary dignity. Still later, we begin to discern a patina of existential paradox over the entire situation: the dog has not a clue to his condition. The speaker is not a philosopher, a thinker, a free, questing spirit—just a dog. Indeed, we suspect that he talks so much to avoid the truth. He evades his own reality by talking continuously. Ask not for whom the bell tolls, the paradox of the mumble is universal.

Hamlet's soliloquies also have a strain of mumbling mixed in with the meditations. Speaking technically, his soliloquies, like those of Prince Hal and Richard III, have only the speaker on stage while they are uttered, and yet Hamlet's soliloquies are closer to us, more intimately shared. There are too many of them, they contradict one another, they thrash, backtrack and flounder, they engage us at every line. Like Kafka's dog, Hamlet fumbles for a formulation that steadily eludes him. Hamlet's condition is equally desperate. Alone, hunted to the death, burdened with a responsibility that he has neither the temper nor the resources to discharge, he searches for a strategy that refuses to take shape; his meditations have just an edge of pathetic bravura. Hamlet acknowledges this himself. His last soliloquy ends with the lines: "From this time forth, /My thoughts be bloody or be nothing worth."

This high-level mumbling expresses a pathetic clinging to the fabric of humanity in an inhuman world. Because it postpones and evades the unbearable, it is suffused with a luminous desperation, despite its incoherence. Such a patina of desperate risk raised Lenny Bruce above his fellow speaker-entertainers. Like Hamlet and Kafka's dog, Bruce escaped reality by stripping reality bare; he exploded the conspiracy of public morality, entertaining the public with a full exposure. His meditations were a pretense at equality—"We're just letting our hair down here!"—entertainment that was an exercise in postponement, of drugs, insanity and death.

The successive communications of the damned to Dante as he descends into the Inferno likewise have an element of the mumble. Paolo and Francesca, Farinata, Ulysses and the others spell out their condition on being approached, but with whom are they communicating in a domain beyond communication? With Dante? Destiny? Their survivors in Florence? All of human history? As their listeners stand around them, multitudinous, distant, bodiless, undefined, they rise, supremely human, and define their existence in a condition of unbearable horror. It will take hold again as soon as they fall silent, just as Kafka's dog will chase a thrown stick, Lenny will go to jail and Hamlet will be treacherously poisoned.

Mumbling of that kind is meditation that hopes to arrive at self-definition, engaged in by one of lower status or power within earshot of his superior, in order to assert equality and independence, and spoken in such a way as to make interruption impossible. In the background are elements of paranoia, desperation, the grappling with reality through the ambiguous medium of language. So a teenage girl will mumble in back of a car, as her father rams through a red light: "What we need is a horse and wagon; that's the only way to stay alive in this world, riding a horse and wagon. You don't burn out the energy with every block you pass." The act bespeaks much pathos, posturing, and downright hostility, not diminished by the possible truth of the statements themselves. Kafka was right to call his story, "Meditations of a Dog." To admit a mumble gives the show away. We eavesdrop with respect when a dog meditates; his mumbling would evoke an immediate growl: "Shut up! You're distracting me!"

A growing literary form, the mumble has escaped attention because of its many disguises. Erica Jong's *Fear of Flying* might more accurately have been entitled *Isadora's Mumble.* Indeed, the confession on page 86 betrays the parallel with Kafka's dog: "I simply couldn't imagine myself without a man. Without one, I felt lost as a dog without a master, rootless, faceless, undignified." Thus Isadora appropriately explores her selfhood and sexuality at a psychoanalytic convention, amid echoes of the Nazi movement. Surrounded by analysts, enveloped by the atmosphere of extermination, she has to keep mumbling for love and acceptance, so as not to end up with another diagnosis or an exit permit from the country. Much of *Fear of Flying* expresses an enormity of feminist bitterness by means of verbal vaudeville. Unable to let men go, Isadora can only mumble.

Erica Jong has asserted her affinity with Henry Miller. Miller has a strong element of the mumble in his early work, such as *Tropic of Cancer* and *Tropic of Capricorn.* In his later work, Miller simply asserts; he never mumbles. Jong is closer to Philip Roth, whose *Portnoy's Complaint* could also more accurately have been entitled, *Portnoy's Mumbles.* That would explain why the doctor's replies never register. When Portnoy finally takes cognizance of one of the doctor's comments—"So. . . . Now vee may perhaps to begin. Yes?"—the mumble dissolves into the exchanges of therapy, and the book comes to an end.

Indeed, as the dialogue of society

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grows more muffled and traditional authority is blurred, the mumble grows louder and more aggressive. Allen Ginsberg's "Howl" is an hysterical mumble, a meditation at the level of many decibels so that the listener lose not a single syllable, but still be in the position of overhearing rather than hearing. The entire hippie movement worked in the mumble position, having neither economic roots nor political power, and living under the hostility of the police. Like Nixon faced with impeachment, they had to keep talking against the threat of imprisonment, and with strident self-confidence, yet harmlessly. We are at least within earshot of 1984, when human speech will be a universal mumble, under the silent supervision of Big Brother, standing over us like the master of Kafka's dog.

The mumble is growing as a form of speech simply because fewer and fewer people have independence, self-respect, a station that makes communication meaningful, and an ability to take risks when they communicate. The United Nations at times becomes the International Mumble Society. When the delegate from Hungary or Bulgaria begins to speak, he functions like Kafka's dog, speaking just loud enough for his overseer in the Kremlin to listen and approve of how independent he is and how reliable, how dignified and how safe.

Toward the end of his administration, we were subjected to a series of statements from Richard Nixon that might well have been entitled "Nixon's Mumbles." They were not especially coherent, they contradicted one another; but they were vibrant with suspense. The American people, like the master of Kafka's dog in a position to bring the mumbles to a halt, sat uncertainly, fumbling for decency as the national façade of reticent integrity went on mumbling.

With the proliferation of mumble literature, it behooves us to lay down a few ground rules for this strange new genre. Mumbling should wear a clever mask and come to us in the disguise of a soliloquy, a complaint, a meditation, a political essay. It should not be too baldly confessional, nakedly slattern and solipsistic. When I attend an open poetry reading, where a substantial proportion of the offerings consists of aggressive mumbles, I shift back and forth from a gesture of literary appreciation to one of sympathetic diagnosis. The experience is wearying.

Secondly, when a man mumbles, his proper subject matter is himself, his own life, his limitations, his texture of experience—not my life, my limitations, my texture of experience. The mumble too readily transforms itself into oral assault. Hamlet never shows the gaucherie of soliloquizing about other people. That tactless clumsiness aroused the spontaneous demand that Portnoy's mother be allowed equal time.

And lastly, since the mumble has no inherent form, no rhythm, no necessary truth or balance of speakers, the mumbler should inform us in advance how long his mumble is going to last, so that we can relax for the duration, titillated by his meanderings, absorbed in his fantasy, safe in the knowledge that at a given time Hamlet will screw his courage to the sticking point, Isadora will finally accept her sexuality, Portnoy will get down to actual therapy, Richard Nixon will say, "I resign"—and the free exchanges of human beings can begin again. □

The Unsettling of America —an Exchange

JOHN R. WOODS and WENDELL BERRY

In its issues of February 7 and 14, *The Nation* printed an essay entitled "The Unsettling Of America" by Wendell Berry. Since you devoted so much space to it, suggesting that Mr. Berry has discovered a new philosophy, I think it deserves a rebuttal.

In his opening sections Berry makes an analogy between our treatment of the Indians and the whole course of American life for 450 years. While there is no question that we were rough on our Indians, this seems a mighty artificial basis for looking at modern America. What was different about this and the treatment of the Britons by the invading Danes and Norsemen, the treatment of the English by the Normans when they invaded Britain—or the Vandals' rape of Rome, or the Teutons' taking over of Mother Russia? This hardly seems an American phenomenon. In these pages history seems to be totally ignored.

On page 150 Berry refers to a "catastrophe" that occurred to small farms and shops of small local tradesmen. This was the Industrial Revolution that was happening in England at the same time, and eventually happened to most of the Western world. Mr. Berry is described as a poet and novelist—is he a farmer, too? If he is a Kentuckian he should know that farming that country was useless a century before the strip miners came along. He speaks of the "nurturer." We must say that the small farm is obsolete. Furthermore, farming was always done with an eye for profit. In the South it was mostly done with slaves from the earliest times, and many planters made fortunes there. In New England, farming was recognized as a mighty poor way to make a living from the earliest days, and the settlers soon turned to fishing, whaling and trading for their livelihoods. According to Mr. Berry, it would appear that . . . the Mennonites, the most introverted, isolated, bigoted and narrow-minded people in our country, are the only successful "nurturers."

Berry idealizes the life on a farm. He speaks of farm life as Rousseau did—the farmer loves and guards his land and has a warm and happy family. Those who lived in the midst of life of this sort know that the last general farmers wore out their land, cut their woodlots for quick cash, and often led their wives and children a hard life, with the kids in the fields at 10 or 12. Farm labor can be more degrading than factory life—it starts at dawn and can be a sweatshop of the first water. Berry speaks of the small farm [in terms like these]: "This old ideal is still full of promise." Is he speaking to the farmers who, knowing their trade well, abandoned this life many years ago? Or is he speaking to city folk, perhaps to intellectuals? Surely he is joking. When he talks about Jefferson's dream of a nation of small farmers, one is reminded of Ronald Reagan's ringing in of Jefferson and . . . "small government." But Reagan doesn't mean small business—no, he means let's get out of the way of the great corporations.

Let's face it—you can't go back again. Those who fly over 1,000 miles of our Midwest and see how a farmer mounted on a great tractor plows to the horizon and back hour after hour know that farming is the factory of agriculture. Thousands of idealistic young people who bought themselves tracts in the Rockies, in Northern New England, or in California, and tried to eke out a living from the land learned that you can't run away back to the 18th century. Certainly, Berry is not recommending that. And yet he seems to be.

This American world is surely not everything we would like it to be. But

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the only way to shape it as we want is to get into the middle of things and fight. Berry says, "We will not find those answers in Washington, D.C." We certainly will not find them hiding out in [the] British Columbia boondocks. The men who got rid of Nixon and the Vietnamese War and Spiro Agnew, and voted down the funds for arms for Angola and broke open the CIA and FBI conspiracies and broke Ford's veto of social services—these men were in Washington, not on hardscrabble farms. There's no hiding away on a farm from atomic war, or unending pollution, or population explosion—these things must be fought out by people who are not afraid to stay on the firing line.

John R. Woods

A REPLY TO MR. WOODS

Mr. Woods's letter is not coherent. I cannot discover the center of his argument, or determine what might be the standard or ideal or goal against which my argument has been measured and found wanting. I can therefore only reply to his various points singly, in the order in which he raises them.

(1) Mr. Woods does not see any difference between our treatment of "our" Indians and the treatment of other conquered peoples by their conquerors. Conquered peoples, so far as I know, have always been treated badly. But that is not what I was talking about. I was talking about our behavior as conquerors. I do not know of any conquerors whose behavior has been respectable, but my impression is that some conquerors have become settlers, whereas others have remained exploiters. We have remained exploiters. Our history here, as I said, has been a succession of uprootings and dispossessions.

(2) I do not understand Mr. Woods's point about the Industrial Revolution. He is *apparently* saying that the catastrophic impact of the Industrial Revolution on small farmers, tradesmen, etc., is acceptable because it "eventually happened to most of the Western world." It has rarely been acceptable to its victims. It is not acceptable to me. I cannot imagine the standards by which it might be acceptable to Mr. Woods.

(3) Whatever Mr. Woods may have meant, his *sentence* says that "farming [in Kentucky] was useless a century before the strip miners came along." That is not true. It is not true of much of the land that is being strip mined; if farming includes forestry, it is not true of any of it.

(4) "We must say that the small farm is obsolete." Who is "we"? And *why* "must" we say so? In fact, there is plenty of respectable evidence that land is best maintained, as well as most productively used, when it is farmed in small units. Perhaps the most bountiful farms the world has ever seen were the 2- and 3-acre farms of the Oriental peasantry. (See F. H. King, *Farmers of Forty Centuries.*) But this is not just an economic or agricultural question. When a livelihood is declared obsolete, then *lives*—people—are declared obsolete. Obsolete people are designated victims. Some of the difficulty would be removed if these people would *agree* to their obsolescence. I have had a good deal of acquaintance with farm families, and I have not yet found one that thought of itself as obsolete.

(5) For several reasons, the farming done in the South with slaves was bad farming. Farming was recognized as "a mighty poor way to make a living" in New England, and in other regions, partly because its methods and attitudes were unsound. My essay involves a recognition of this, and is a part of an attempt to correct it. I am not an admirer or an advocate of bad farming, past or present, and there is nothing in my essay to suggest that I am.

(6) According to me, Mr. Woods says, "it would appear that . . . the Mennonites, the most introverted, isolated, bigoted and narrow-minded people in our country, are the only successful 'nurturers.'" I suppose that this condemnation of a whole people is meant to baffle me. It does. What are we to *do* with these Mennonites? Declare them obsolete? Force them to conform? Scatter them out? Herd them into urban ghettos? Here again Mr. Woods's standards and aims are nowhere in sight. I have little knowledge of the Mennonites who go by that name. However, without saying that I am well acquainted among them, I have been a careful observer of Amish communities in Pennsylvania, Indiana and Iowa. I am aware that they have what I conceive to be problems and faults. But I will have to say that, as a group, they are indeed the most successful nurturers in this country. Most of them are excellent farmers. Their land is more carefully farmed than that of any other group. Their farms are virtually the *only* farms of family size that continue to be well maintained. As a group, they govern themselves by their principles—some of which are the highest principles. And in their ability to limit their use of power and technology we will finally have to recognize a better kind of technological genius.

(7) I do not idealize "the life on a farm." My own life is on a farm, and so I cannot very handily idealize it. There is a difference between being an idealizer and having an ideal. I do have an ideal of farm life, which I have written about in my essay, and more elaborately elsewhere. I think that ideals are important, because they govern our behavior. "Modern" farming is governed by an ideal that is not agricultural but industrial: it requires the greatest possible production with the least possible human labor. The costs of this are enormous: it causes the uprooting of people, the disintegration of communities; it causes unemployment; it creates a petroleum-based agriculture, a perilous absurdity; it stresses production, ignores maintenance; it sees the topsoil as an inert quantity, requiring only chemical manipulation, rather than a compost full of life, requiring nurture; it sees only a mechanical or economic connection between people and land. The ideal that I support, on the other hand, sees the health of the land and the farming community, not production, as the primary concern—for this health is the only permanent guarantee of production; it holds that, to assure the long-term productivity of the land, the land and the people must be deeply bound together by a preserving and settled culture, not economics or technology only. Mr. Woods's generalizations about farming here are meaningless because he does not say what *kind* of farm he is talking about. Farm work can assuredly be

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sweaty in hot weather—and extremely difficult and frustrating, too—but it does not *have* to be "a sweatshop of the first water."

(8) I cannot see that I have been damaged by Jefferson or that Jefferson has been damaged by Reagan. Nor can I see any parallel between my reference to Jefferson and Ronald Reagan's. As for running "away back to the 18th century," I have suggested no such thing. I am familiar with two utterly trite, utterly cheap ways of dealing with arguments against exploitation. One is to imply that the arguer is an "impractical idealist." The other is to say, with the passion of original insight, that "you can't go back again." To have an ideal is to have a standard; to know the past is to have a necessary resource. A mind that remembers nothing and aspires to nothing rattles worse than it thinks.

(9) That "farming is the factory of agriculture" may be evident to people who fly over the Midwest in an airplane. In the last couple of years I have visited fairly extensively in the farm lands of Pennsylvania, Iowa, New York, Vermont, New Hampshire, Indiana, North Dakota, Michigan, Kentucky—and this is not evident to me. Everywhere I have been I have seen disturbing evidence of the failure of the farm-factory concept. Some of what I said above about the modern agricultural ideal applies here. But I believe that the evolution of agricultural technology has become independent even of the exploitive economic ideal that gave it its modern impetus, and is going ahead on its own. The problem is that factory technology generalizes, formulizes, stiffens, coarsens, and devitalizes people's relationship with their land. As the size of machines increases, for example, it becomes less and less possible to *consider* the varying soils, declivities and aspects of any given tract of land. To a big operator on a big tractor on a big farm, the land has become just acreage—exactly as to our highly specialized and frantically busy surgeons we have become just bodies. One practical result of this has been a widening of the agricultural margins. Lands that could be productively farmed and conserved, even improved, in small units under intensive care are now neglected, abandoned, or used destructively under the modern system. The marginal people, of course, become an "urban problem" and so are ignored by the agriculturists. They are nevertheless part of the cost of factory farming. But even on lands best suited for it, this sort of farming is criminally wasteful—of human value and energy, of course, but also of topsoil and petroleum. According to one recent estimate it now costs two bushels of topsoil to produce a bushel of Iowa corn: the necessary conservation measures would simply cost too much, take too much time. And to produce a calorie of that same corn may require, according to various estimates, from five to twelve calories of petroleum. This is called the most "efficient" agriculture in the world. It is, literally, the most fantastic.

(10) As for the young people who have returned to try to make a living in the country, some have failed. Considering the difficulty, that was to be expected. Success in such an undertaking can hardly be as quickly determined as failure; it may require several generations. Nevertheless, I know several of these people in New England, in California, and in Kentucky, who have now lived as farmers long enough to be taken seriously. They have some proof of themselves in their improvement of some old farms. I do not recommend that anyone do any such thing; people choose their lives for nearer reasons than someone else's recommendation. But I do understand what those young men and women have done, and value it, and applaud it. I would rather fail with them than "succeed" with Tenneco.

(11) Finally, I fail to see the point of Mr. Woods's talk about fighting "in the middle of things" and staying "on the firing line." Where, one wonders, *are* this middle and this line? And why may not a farmer have as lively an involvement in public issues as anyone else? Perhaps Mr. Woods learned about farmers by flying over some of them in an airplane, for he certainly has a distant and superior view of them. The problems that he is talking about are everywhere, of course, and must be met everywhere; there is no farm that is not under their influence, and no farmer who is not aware of them. *Many* farmers are now, for instance, involved in conservation fights, and very effectively too. But as I was suggesting in my essay, the public solutions are not enough. We may indeed have ended the Vietnamese War and a calamitous Presidency—but we have not much reduced the possibility of such a war or such a Presidency. If we are to reduce the bad possibilities, we will have to *live* differently. It is useless to change the government if we cannot change ourselves.

Wendell Berry

Booktime 1975

L.L. CASE

Random House published the book in 1975. There was a lot of publicity. It had a brown cloth binding with gold lettering. The title and the author's initials were reversed. Its price was $8.95. This was not unduly high at the time. Everything was expensive. Serious books of fiction rarely sold well. Ambitious and original ones were especially hard going for ordinary readers. Those who bought them rarely finished them. Too much effort was required. Ordinary readers were lazy. They preferred television and movies. But the book was different. Sentences were short. Paragraphs were long. They contained an enormous variety of information. Readers absorbed it at great speed. The details didn't slow them up. It was like watching a movie. Many stories were going on at the same time in each paragraph. Some of them were true. There was an attested record of their having taken place. This was called history. Some of them were not. This was called fiction. They were all mixed together. Much of the fiction was about real persons. Most of it was plausible. It enhanced the stylized plausibility of the invented characters. History is what is most interesting. History is colorful. History is engrossing. But its data tend to be disorganized. It is easier to read about and to comprehend when known events and known persons are connected by invented stories and invented persons. So historical novels were popular. But they tended to be simple-minded. Why, she asked Ludwig, provocatively, don't you write a ninth symphony? They were tiresome to sophisticated readers. Yet all realistic novels are historical. They are set in real time. But they are called historical only when well-known persons or events are essential to the story. The book was an historical novel about how some people lived in this country in the decade before World War I. Perhaps more narrowly it was about the growth of United States radicalism at that time. Or it may only have been about changing transportation patterns in New Rochelle, N.Y. Whatever. There were resonances for the 1970s. There was mystical charlatanism. There was naked exploitation. There was sexual cruelty. There was political repression. Whatever. It is hard to imagine how anyone could have found it tiresome. Ap-

L.L. Case has perpetrated parodies and satires in many journals, including this one.

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parently, ambitious and original fiction did *not* have to be hard going for ordinary readers. Historical novels did *not* have to be simple-minded. The book was a first-rate fictional entertainment. But interest in its characters did not lie in their power to evoke reader identification. It lay in their social situations and in their responses to the real persons, events and prevailing values of their times. They did not need names to be kept straight. But the attribution of actions, feelings and conversations to real persons was disturbing to some readers. They felt it unfair. Perhaps irresponsible. Even J.P. Morgan, Henry Ford, Franz Ferdinand and Harry Thaw are entitled to unretouched portraits in the gallery of history. Even though they would have done their own retouching if they could. Even though there is no such thing as an unretouched portrait in the gallery of history. If they had been folk heroes there would have been complaints. The author dealt with the real persons persuasively, subtly, wittily, imaginatively and consistently. A strong case was made. But where to draw the line? Trendy hacks felt licensed by the book's critical and commercial success. They prepared to commit further assaults in the free-fire zone between fact and fiction. Anything was fair game. But where to draw the line? There were also many parodies. All of them were heavy-handed. But although some reviewers were calling it the book of the decade, Random House knew that it was only the summer of 1975 and there were five and a half years to go. □

Triumph of the Undesirable Alien

MY FATHER, BERTRAND RUSSELL. *By Katharine Tait. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 211 pp. $8.95.*

THE LIFE OF BERTRAND RUSSELL. *By Ronald W. Clark. Alfred A. Knopf. 766 pp. $17.50.*

C. W. GRIFFIN

The Anglo-American Establishment has now enjoyed six years of freedom from the goadings of the late Bertrand Russell, and judged by reviews of recent books about the British philosopher, death has finally conferred retroactive respectability on him. The process of canonization moved unusually fast in Russell's case; it sometimes takes decades to heal the psychic wounds inflicted by iconoclastic genius. Consider the fate of Robert Ingersoll, condemned to hell in a Billy Sunday sermon delivered ten years after the famed atheist's death.

Russell got similar treatment in his old age. Only nine years ago, as evidence of the then 95-year-old philosopher's "insane paranoia," the British journalist Bernard Levin cited Russell's charge that ". . . The CIA draws up lists of popular leaders to be assassinated." To Sidney Hook, Russell's charge about FBI persecution of civil rights leaders was proof of senility. And the Establishment press almost unanimously denounced Russell's War Crimes Tribunal for its charges of American atrocities in Vietnam.

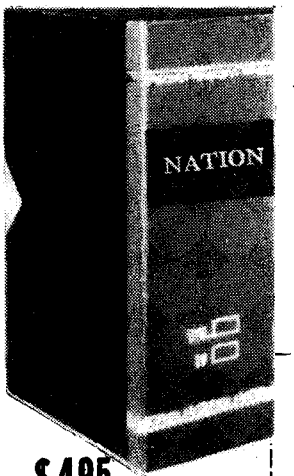
All is now forgiven and forgotten. *The New York Times* and even *Time* magazine have forgiven Russell for beating them to the truth. An artfully blended aura, composed of journalistic amnesia and of admiration for the great dead, hovers about Russell's memory. Freed of the burden of the controversies that raged about the anti-war protests of Russell's last years, contemporary writers can calmly assess the significance of this Victorian titan.

Katharine Tait's book is less a memoir of her father than a cry of pain about the frustrations of being a great man's child. The book presents an interesting inside view of Russell's educational experiment at Beacon Hill School. As the daughter-student describes it, the school was far from the failure Russell thought. But for Kate it was the prologue to the insecurity of a broken home after the failure of Russell's second marriage to Kate's mother, Dora. "For me, personally," she writes, "Beacon Hill School was an emotional disaster, because it smashed my bright world of childhood happiness and left me to spend the rest of my life searching for a replacement."

Like her father, Kate writes with candor and style. But she is no chip off the Russell block. She was "embarrassed" by her father's "extremism" in protesting the war in Vietnam. She became a convert to salvationist Christianity. For my part I found it embarrassing to read sentences like this: "The care that God provided included considerable financial assistance from my father." Russell's worst clerical enemy during his long lifetime of militant agnosticism would never have charged the old heretic with being an unwitting agent of the Lord.

Ronald Clark's 300,000-word biography sedulously fills the canyon-sized gaps in Russell's three-volume autobiography, published in the late 1960s. That alone makes it interesting. But Clark's exhaustive documentation of Russell's political activities makes for some long stretches of literary desert between the highlights of this book. Moreover, Clark's strictly chronological approach results in a disconnected, superficial treatment of Russell's intellectual development. This is a grave defect in a biography of the most provocative British philosopher since David Hume.

C.W. Griffin's latest book is Taming the Last Frontier *(Pitman Publishing Corp.).*



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Counterbalancing these defects, however, Clark's plodding, fact-amassing approach does portray Russell's astounding vitality throughout a life just short of 100 years. From his intellectually precocious childhood on into a politically radical old age that landed him in Brixton jail a second time at the age of 89, Russell burned enough mental, moral and emotional energy to supply an indefinite number of ordinary lives.

As I see it, there are three essential Russells: (*1*) The skeptical philosopher attempting to create a truly scientific philosophy founded on certain knowledge; (*2*) the humanitarian idealist trying to save mankind from the hazards of thermonuclear war; (*3*) the philandering romantic, Don Juan-Don Quixote, pursuing his ideal of Dulcinea with the same demand for perfection in love that he demanded in the rigor of his mathematical philosophy.

As a philosopher, Russell was the most articulate modern spokesman for faith in reason, the tradition of Western thought originating in classical Greece, kept precariously alive for twenty-four centuries, and now under attack in a new wave of anti-scientific irrationalism. More than any other professional philosopher, Russell rescued philosophy from the metaphysical muddles of Hegel, Heidegger and the Existentialists. Russell's most famous work, *Principia Mathematica* (written in collaboration wtih Alfred North Whitehead), set the superstructure of mathematics on its logical foundations. In 1948, at the age of 76, Russell summed up four decades of work in reconciling philosophy with the paradoxes of modern physics: *Human Knowledge: Its Scope and Limits*, a brilliant treatise on language, logic, probability theory, and the postulates of scientific inference, was Russell's final testament on the empiricist philosophy he helped to develop. Throughout the intervening years, he fought the debilitating notion that obscurity equals profundity. No other professional philosopher could match the power and clarity of his writing or the rigor of his thought.

Explaining the impulse to philosophy, Russell once wrote ". . . it is intolerable until I understand." Equally intolerable to Russell were the stupidity and suffering of war. Most of Russell's talented contemporaries belied their humanitarian ideals during World War I. H.G. Wells upheld the military draft; Gilbert Murray and Whitehead parroted patriotic propaganda; and George Santayana, with the philosophic calm attainable only to those miles from the front lines, regarded the slaughter as a matter beyond his concerns.

Meanwhile Russell railed against the folly and exposed the lies and cowardice of European leaders who brutally prolonged the carnage to save political reputations and sustain tribal pride. In a letter to President Wilson, Russell attacked the war lovers' imbecile logic used fifty years later to justify American persistence in Vietnam. "Everywhere," wrote Russell, "friends of peace are met with the diabolical argument that the brave men who have died must not have shed their blood in vain. And so every impulse of mercy toward the . . . living is dried up . . . by a barren loyalty to those who are past our hope." Such propaganda eventually landed him in Brixton for the first of his two jail terms.

As philanderer, Russell behaved with typically Russellian élan. The middle-aged Russell spent a good deal of his time shifting his mental energies from the problems of dealing with several mistresses simultaneously to the technical problems of philosophy or the political strategies of pacifism. At times, his affairs descended to the level of bedroom farce. He could cut off these affairs, or even a marriage, with the self-righteous cruelty of saints and megalomaniacs. In this, he resembles an earlier aristocrat, Shelley, described by Virginia Woolf as ". . . a champion riding out against the forces of superstition and brutality with heroic courage; at the same time blind, inconsiderate, obtuse to other persons' feelings." Tolstoy, too, displayed this ultimate brand of aristocratic arrogance, pursuing his private vision of salvation through poverty over the anguished protests of his wife. The aristocrat relinquishing his born right to dominate *politically* may assert an even stronger claim to dominate *psychologically*.

Russell's daughter notes how his ". . . combination of inner detachment and outer affection caused me much muddled suffering." In 1931, at the age of 59, Russell himself wrote: ". . . my most profound feelings have remained always solitary and have found in human beings no companionship. The sea, the stars, the night wind in waste places, mean more to me than even the human beings I love best, and I am conscious that human affection is to me at bottom an attempt to escape from the vain search for God."

When such austere genius collides with ordinary mortals, it may very well leave in its wake a trail of human wreckage. Like Shelley, his fellow apostate from conventional myths and loyalties, Russell tried to live simultaneously in two worlds—the ideal world of his aspirations and the troubled world of mistresses, wives and children. He never understood the impossibility of reconciling the two.

Russell was privileged not only in the fact of his aristocratic birth but in its timing. He lived through a golden age in some respects rivaling that of Periclean Athens. In the slow tempo of the years before World War I, undisturbed by the daily emergencies of our own frantic times, Britain's leisure-class intellectuals lived a social life of high culture. They asked the grand questions of human destiny and answered them with the naive boldness of the classic Greeks. George Bernard Shaw was gleefully smashing Victorian icons and clearing the way for reform; H.G. Wells was proclaiming the onward-and-upward faith in progress through science; G.E. Moore was inspiring Cambridge and Bloomsbury with his quest for aesthetic simplicity; and Russell was addressing himself to some of the most baffling technical problems of philosophy. It was a creative outburst born of peace and prosperity and nourished by the genteel traditions of a great empire, which, thinkers like Wells and Russell hoped, would lead mankind out of its long history of tribal barbarism into a world commonwealth.

These hopes were blasted by World War I. Since 1914, the fragile faith in reason has yielded to the primitive faith in power. Russell's life and works re-

GOOD NEWS

As I read your letter
the edges turn to gilt.
A swan sweeps down
through a cloud
high above
my highest window.
Your voice
becomes a chorus—
The Mormon Tabernacle Choir,
a cappella. Appropriate
books on my shelves
open to poems
while wine pours
into crystal goblets
all over the room.
Now a striped balloon glides
into view.
You lean from the basket
to wave, drift
toward my roof.

I scoop up the pages
like petals
to save for a gold
fragrant bed.

Susan Bartels

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mind us of a supremely civilized generation that consciously sought to raise the level of human existence. As its great spokesman, the indomitable old man sustained our hope that the free human spirit might yet triumph over the bureaucrats, politicians, organization men, mind molders and bomb makers. Since his death, it has been harder to keep the faith. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

The Maysles brothers, David and Albert, have a well-deserved reputation as makers of documentaries, *Gimme Shelter*, their filming of a catastrophic Rolling Stones concert, being the most celebrated example. However, *Grey Gardens* is not a documentary; it is a happening, and speculation as to whether the Maysles "intruded" on the Beale women, or that their presence as witnesses may have distorted the situation they were filming, is beside the point. Of course they intruded and distorted the situation—or rather they made the situation, for *Grey Gardens* is essentially an account of how this strangely reclusive mother and daughter responded to the novel experience of being filmed.

I have no doubt that it was good for them; indeed, it may have saved them from some gothic tragedy. For twenty-five years these two women, relics of the Bouvier clan of wealth and rotogravure society, have been immured in a mansion that is rotting away on the gold-strip coastline of Easthampton, Long Island. Decades ago, Mrs. Beale and her daughter, Edie, became utterly dependent on each other, in the terrible sense that they feed on each other. They live in squalor amid odd bits of furniture, harboring many cats and with raccoons in the attic. They eat meals out of cans, lying about on beds in an enormous house hidden in landscaped property that has grown into a jungle. They survive by sniping at each other. Mrs. Beale is old, bright-eyed, cruelly sharp and strong from implacable selfishness. Edie, in her 50s, is still vigorous—she swims in the Atlantic with a businesslike stroke—but she is frustrated, unused, embittered, exasperated; she wears odd costumes, makes faces, gestures at random, speaks at a tangent: in short, she shows signs of having been long in great distress.

Both of these women think of themselves as artists *manqués*—Mrs. Beale as a singer, Edie as a dancer—but they equate talent with popular success. The mother fancies that she could have won acclaim with songs like *Tea for Two* and *You and the Night and the Music*; Edie believes that Max Gordon was once on the point of finding her a place on Broadway. In short they wanted to be celebrities—that, after all, is in the Bouvier tradition—and now, thanks to the Maysles brothers, that is exactly what they are, at least for the time being.

What an audience gets from all this is a little hard to say. There is something ghoulish about the eagerness with which the Beale women expose themselves, and that has a fascination. It is warming to observe the affection growing between the film people and their subjects, and one likes the idea that for months these forlorn women had an object in life (to be "stars") and for months to come will relish the memory of it. (I wonder how they will cope with the rubbernecks when the weather gets warmer; I wouldn't put it past Edie to open a sandwich stand.) I felt oddly altruistic at being a part of the audience for the Beales, that somehow I meant more to them than they meant to me. They are not very interesting women, and I doubt that they ever were. They were just representative examples of American wealthy society who by accident fell down a well and might never have emerged again, except that the Maysles discovered them.

Toward the end of Yves Robert's *Salut L'Artiste*, Nicholas (Marcello Mastroianni) remarks to his mistress (Françoise Fabian) that he feels he has "evolved." She replies that she, on the contrary, feels herself to have regressed. However that may be for the characters they are playing, it seemed to me that in this picture Mastroianni himself had regressed, though I wouldn't say that it was entirely his fault.

Mastroianni's limitation as an actor, I think, is that when he is not given material strong enough to engage fully his intelligence and sensibilities, he coasts through a film on his technical equipment, confident that the spectacle of Mastroianni doing his thing will satisfy the public. And since his bag of tricks is as well-stocked as that of any in the profession, he gets too many assignments that encourage him to play to the box office. It is a malady latent in many "accomplished" actors, but I think it is fair to say that with Mastroianni you are too often given a performance rather than a characterization.

Salut L'Artiste almost caricatures the point. Not only is it a bit of paper pathos, tricked out with sprigs of irony, but it casts Mastroianni as a not quite successful actor who earns a frantic living by scampering about Paris from early morning to late at night, playing a movie extra here, doing a stage bit there, fitting a night-club comedy magic act into a spare hour, dubbing an animated cartoon in a funny voice at odd moments and trying by telephone calls and flying visits to keep his family and his mistress in states short of open rebellion. It is, as you can see, a part calling for heavy reliance on the bag of tricks.

I don't want to bear down too heavily on that—it is easy to enjoy *Salut L'Artiste;* dazzling technical skill is always fun to watch, as Childs restaurant chain learned years ago when it put its pancake flippers in the front window. In this case, Mastroianni "works" with Jean Rochefort, another prestidigitator, and their rascally approach to their "art" is often funny. Moreover, the film displays an extremely handsome cast, with Carla Gravina, the wife, as beautiful as Mlle. Fabian, the mistress. (However, both ladies rely so heavily on sibylline smiles that at times I was not certain which

excuse me professor...

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of them Mastroianni was offering his undivided love.)

About half way through the film I decided that Mastroianni was sufficiently warmed up and ought to get started. Unfortunately, the "laugh, clown, laugh" script gave him nothing to get started with, and he was still doing his exercises when the show ended.

Harold Clurman commented on André Téchiné's *French Provincial* (*The Nation*, November 1) when it was shown last fall at the New York Film Festival. He said in part:

[The film] is a summary chronicle encompassing the past seventy years of French history, conveyed through the story of a French small-town family. It begins with the rise of a woman of the working class, a seamstress, played with acidulous power by Jeanne Moreau, who works her way into a hide-bound bourgeois family established by a Spanish immigrant who against great odds sets up a prosperous iron foundry. Through her pluck and energy, common sense and courage, she comes to rule the business. . . . In the postwar era, the workers in the now modernized firm are offered the opportunity to participate in its management, and for some reason unclear to me, strike more often than they work. The result is that a former GI turned tycoon manages, through marriage to a woman who even when wed to one of the brothers of the family was always hostile to it, to take over the works. We are to understand by this that foreigners (especially Americans) are now screwing the blundering or indifferent French—which is "symbolized" in a particularly literal manner.

This picture probably has "propaganda" meaning or value for the French and also for those interested (as I am) in French society, but is marred by the peculiar insistence of the director, André Téchiné, on being cinematically cryptic or "advanced" in his narrative technique. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Everything's right with John Guare's *Rich and Famous*, except the play itself (Public Theatre). It is a metaphorical spoof of our American drive for the facile fame of success; certainly it possesses a good or, as they say, a relevant theme. The treatment is extravagant in its imagery; the direction by Mel Shapiro lively to the point of frenzy; the settings by Dan Snyder cute and gay, the cast (William Atherton, Ron Leibman, Anita Gillette) more than willing. And Guare with his humor and abundant good nature provides a number of genuinely funny lines.

All of the play's characters are obsessed with the drive to lucrative renown, especially a young playwright "symbolically" named Bing Ringling. He has a boyhood friend who has achieved the desired goal as a film star. There is also a highly touted composer of long-hair as well as popular music. A lady producer has had so many hits she hankers for an impressively highbrow failure. In short, the race toward the big bang of moneyed acclaim is projected here through the fracas of show business. This narrows the subject to the dimensions of an in-joke, a *comédie à clef*; we may be teased into guessing who the models for these representative people are!

On its opening night Ringling's first play is a total Off-Broadway bust; he hopes it may still prove salvageable. The reviews are devastating. ("They don't print these reviews in every copy of the paper, do they?" he asks.) To save his first effort—or is it to back his next one?—he seeks the collaboration of a big-shot composer whose notoriety has made him a complete nut. Ringling's parents, in anticipation of a smash, have bought gifts for all the critics and tons of the newspapers in which their raves for sonny's play are to appear. When papa and mama learn that Bing has not made it, their affection cools to an annihilating indifference. And the great movie hero whom Ringling appeals to for assistance is on the verge of suicide. It is not disappointment over the fruits of success which impels him to this desperate resolve but the fact that he has been advised by his agents and managers that his suicide will increase his fame and fortune: it will make him "greater" than ever. In the end, all the centrally involved characters renounce their ambition to become rich and famous.

There is even more than I have indicated in this summary and I may not have gotten all of it right because the scenes rush forward, fast and furious, in quasi-kaleidoscopic fashion, with the three actors covering all the parts. This "technicolor" thingumajig (one reviewer called it a "Walpurgis Night," to give it class, I suppose) for all the talents expended lending it a semblance of virtuosity finally induces the impression of something forced, fatiguing and, above all, trivial.

LOVE
(Translated from the Estonian
by Henry Lyman)

Drinking from light the wine
at the foot of the favorable palm—
from light the lucid wine—
two mouths, a single breath,
one of what is nothing.

And the wings of the palm tree sever
in the black mirror of joy.

Aleksis Rannit

There is banality to begin with when playwrights seek to make the aches and pains of their profession a matter of broad concern. Granted that this may be accomplished, it leads to the worrisome suspicion that the playwright's whole life experience is confined to that small self-centered environment. The arts have a vast dimension, but the art world tends to solipsism. Our civilization is edging toward collapse, explosion or dissolution, and too many of our younger playwrights don't seem to be looking beyond their noses in stages, studios and the haunts of piddling intramural gossip. The theme implied by the title of the present play might be given extension in penetrating dramatization, for it summons up thoughts about the devaluation of personal integrity, a questioning of what man is or may be. But the whole matter in *Rich and Famous* is reduced to the tricky evasion of local chitchat, grist to the columnists' mills.

Guare is certainly talented and his play, *The House of Blue Leaves*, was more than a little promising, but he is like a number of others of his generation in the theatre who allow themselves to be buffeted by waves in a minute circle. We find in their work that not much has been lived through and that all the material employed, no matter how thematically imposing at first, has been reduced to pert generalization, to jocular, self-congratulatory gamesmanship. At many of these exhibitions I am tempted to cry out, "Get lost: away from the theatre, away from the big 'personalities,' away from the scholars and notables of the insignificant and take a bath in the obscurity of the multitude."

Perhaps I am wrong, perhaps my complaint should be directed elsewhere. All I am sure of is that hardly enough is done with all that our epoch contains, not enough time and space are allowed for retreat into contemplation, not enough quiet work is steadfastly undertaken. There is too great a rush to produce and to shine. *Rich and Famous* exemplifies the dilemma. □

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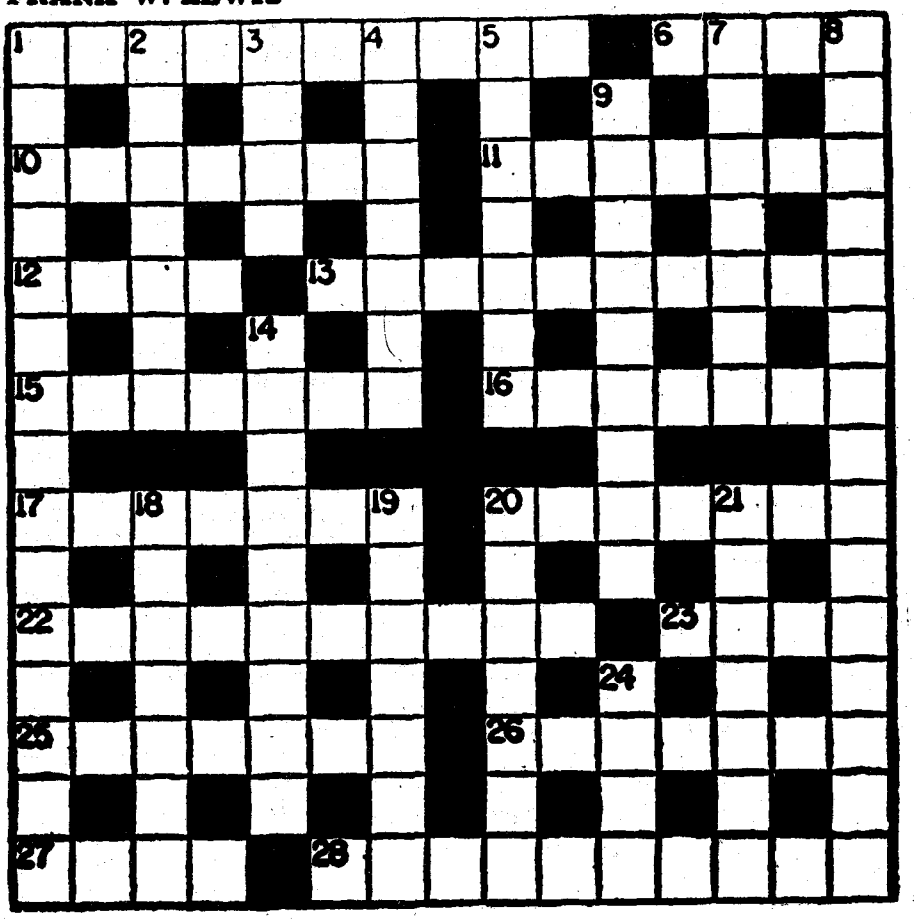
Crossword Puzzle No. 1623

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 It might be a story of a French bed takes time, when the true ending is uncertain. (10)
6 and 26 Is it fair to build up a picture of such a slightly incredulous opening? (4,7)
10 It probably isn't good for you, but so be it, as you will! It's on your head! (7)
11 A body of colleagues might be one. (7)
12 Raised loaf, by the sound of it. (4)
13 It seems the question of your fabrication has no end of polite acknowledgment. (3,2,3,2)
15 A basis for rumination about the main part, as a matter of course. (7)
16 Best, if less apparent, but chokes things off inside. (7)
17 Showing excellent shape about the point, meanwhile. (7)
20 Was he famous for shaping an underground political unit in one? (7)
22 Orwellian breeding place? (6,4)
23 Capital C (not the pica sort) representing mineral. (4)
25 An uncouth man, the slippery type, but still stylish. (7)
26 See 6
27 The opposite might be often done. (4)
28 One might set a course for your house. (10)

DOWN

1 If you glare at somebody, you might get one, as you may have read. (4,4,2,5)
2 The things here given to you and me helped the Argonauts. (7)
3 and 24 down Not necessarily confined to Spanish plain song. (8)
4 You might find it sort of dry and hot with one in your larynx. (7)
5 Gives up again and goes back? (7)
7 It's not even what the most jejune quality portrays. (7)
8 What one hopes to hear after the oil-spill has been accounted for? (3,5,2,5)
9 Stage money? (It goes to show you what might happen next, as they say.) (9)
14 Reputedly heavenly products. (9)
18 Showing less than 10, but it might make the coat less heavy. (7)
19 Some people carry it as a sort of protection, like a silencer. (7)
20 Hearty type that makes jokes with the CIA organization? (7)
21 Would you find it in any circumstances after getting in? Nonsense! (7)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1622

ACROSS: 1 Sound barrier; 10 Pierces; 11 Wassail; 12 Linda; 13 Dedicates; 14 Ticker tape; 16 Iraq; 18 Rapt; 20 Terracotta; 23 Outgrowth; 26 Eclipse; 27 Needier; 28 Auld Lang Syne. DOWN: 2 Oceanic; 3 Nictates; 4 and 25 Beside the point; 5 Rowed; 6 Insect; 7 Roaster; 8 Apple turnover; 9 Close quarters; 15 Parthenon; 17 Scuppers; 19 Patella; 21 Tuition; 22 Propel; 24 Wheel.

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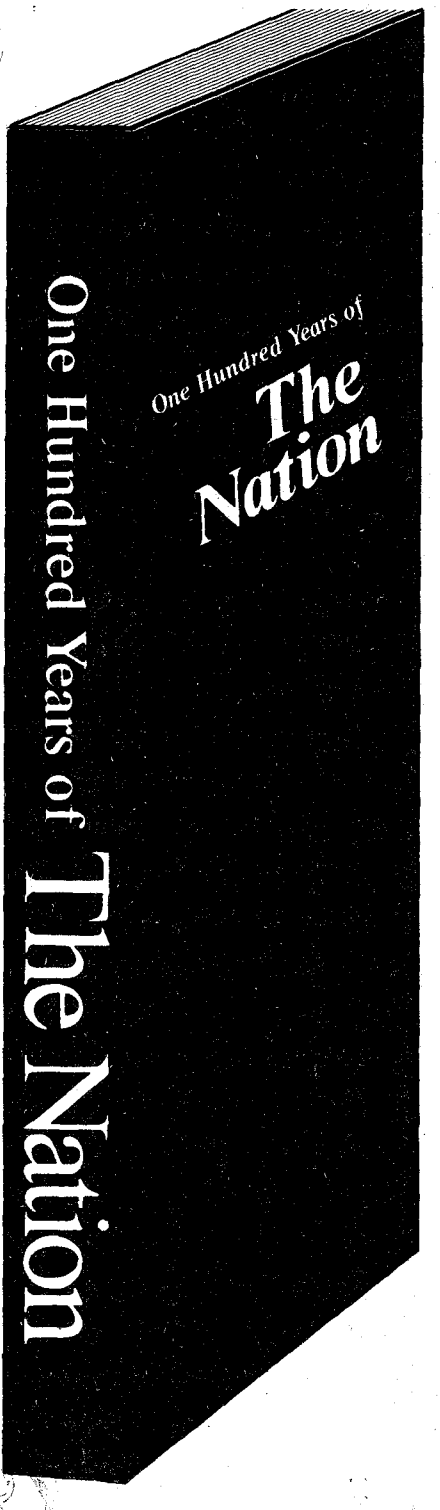

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